VOL. V. NO. 30.] GREENSBORO, N. C., JULY 28, 1860. [WHOLE NO. 234.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Power of Sympathy.

BY ITALIA.

While revelling in joyous hours,
Without a thought of care—
When all is light, so pure and bright,
We seek for friends to share
Our joys, and cull with us the flowers
That ever bloom around Life's way,
And shed sweet fragrance day by day.

And when affliction like a pall
Shuts from our path the light,
When joys have fled—when hope seems dead,
When life gives us delight—
Oh! then when gloom is over all,
How sweet to hear the friendly voice,
Its music makes the heart rejoice!

That voice oft bids us look above,
Beyond the silent tomb,
And taste of joy which ne'er will cloy,
Its light beams thro' the gloom.
In faith we seek the God of Love—
He called our friends from earth away,
To dwell with Him through endless day.

When pleasures false the heart allure
In dark temptation's hour,
And lead astray in sin's dark way,—
Oh, then how great the power!
Which points to the foundation sure,
Directs the erring one aright
Leads him in living paths of light.

Sweet is the sympathetic tone
In joy or sorrows' hour,
It speaks of peace—bids sorrow cease,
When dark clouds o'er us lower,
Assuring us we're not alone:
Then heart to heart and hand in hand,
We'll seek our home—the better land.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Poets, and the Passion of Poetry.

BY T. L. DURHAM.

Me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur arbita clivo.
[VIRG. GEORG. III. 291.

How swells the heart that feels the hidden fire,
And glowing raptures that the Muse inspire,
While high on fancy's plume he soars along,
"Grace in his thoughts and music in his song."
The tracts, so bright of distant prospects, lie;
New beauties smile in earth, in sea, and sky—
The scenes of light and glory, all combine,
Reflected in the form of rainbows shine.

There is nothing more interesting in the whole compass of literature than the present theme. It explains the way that leads back to ancient song; and directs the wandering imagination to the sacred fount of Arethusa, the Arcadian bowers, and Olympian height that caught the gaze of the poet's eye when he struck from his harp the harmony of numbers that threw enchantment over an admiring world.

The consecrated groves of Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus now, as in the days of yore, seem to cast their shade upon holy ground; and the remembrance of things that were, as it steals back to their floral home, awakens again the sleeping echo of their immortal minstrelsy.

Parnassus too, standing amid the graves of past greatness, blends its former glory with the present. Around its stately form many parallel roads, "leading through cedar and branching palm," mark the ascent to something more sublime at the summit where dwell the Muses whose names are stamped with the impress of immortality. There, Appollo, seated upon a throne, overcanopied with green waving laurels, with harp in hand his victory over Python sings and celebrates the love of Leucothe and Daphnis. Homer, Virgil, and Milton next in order stand, while a host of others look up from the "lowly fields of the beautiful land" that lie at the base of the holy mountain.

In the department of poetry, stars of different magnitude spangle the skies of human glory. Radiant and calm they hover over the scenes of earth they so tenderly loved, though apparently high up in the distant fields of their own native heaven. The light of some burst upon the eye at the first gaze; some, retired far beyond, emit a flame from a higher realm; the genius from which others have drawn their light has personified the insensate earth, and, with the magic art of Apelles, made it speak, sing, laugh, and smile, while the fair delight of beauty has passed from their own spirits upon all the forms of life and nature, and glorified the world with the light of their song.

Poets, immortal in their works, live enshrined in the memory of the great. The world of spirits is their library, and the world of wonder, vision, and beauty, their shrine—there they dwell and hold communion with the mighty genius of thought—there they dream of Elysian fields, unfading groves, and the lucid wave of limpid waters, while their bosom awakes, responsive to the raptures that implore them to sing.

We turn for a moment to

"Gaze on that mighty orb of song,
The divine Milton."

With a harp, toned to other notes than the Orphean lyre, he sung of an unblighted Eden where flowers bloomed beneath a sun that rose and set only in glory, where Raphael loved at dewy eve to seek the bowers of Paradise. He retired far back into the ideal world, and heard the colloquy of Satan and his Peers, holding council in Pendæmonium, and followed their flight in martial panoply as they "joined in mid air their dark encounter" with the stormy wings of spiritual war. What new fields of vision were revealed in the intellectual world, when he sought, for awhile, his home upon the happy plains of Eden, through which the crystal streams of murmuring waters rolled over "pearls and sands of gold," and where "universal Pan, knit with the Graces and Hours in dance, led on the eternal spring."

Naturally growing sublime by the beauty and grandeur of his theme, he assumed a loftier flight of vision in which he heard the chariot wheels of the Deity roll through the vast empyrean ere the world had arisen from the unapparent deep, and while the sun himself, as yet, sojourned in his "cloudy tabernacle." With an eye that could pierce the penetralia of nature, he looked upon the throne of the Infinite that dazzled the eyes of glory, "dark with excessive light."

Byron, though wayward, was endowed with noble powers of poetic talent. His soul never fell asleep nor grew weary over the glories and beauties of nature. The impetuous passions of his heart would not permit his wing to droop, but ever and anon he stooped but to soar again with a more majestic sweep. 'Twas his to muse on the mountain-top of thought where fancy flit its airy wing—to plunge into the torrent and roil on the swift whirl of the new-breaking wave of river, stream, and ocean. 'Twas his "to woo at midnight Luna's smile—to chase the wandering stars—to catch the dazzle of the lightning's wing till his eye grew dim—to lay his hand upon the ocean's main, heaving, dark boundless, and sublime."

The shadows of departed years brought from dimness and evanishment, and clothed in the deshabille of real life by the genius of Scott—Southey's multiplied visions of fairy worlds, made the "dwelling place and mighty scenes of our own"—the embodied ecstacies of Campbell, Burns and Moore, all breathe spiritual thought and feeling from a region suspended in "delightful mystery between heaven and earth."

But there is another glory in the department of poetry, that is the glory of female genius. It has been an important argument for ages, whether the capacity for improvement in woman is equal to that of men. In some respects they are infinitely superior; not in understanding nor perhaps in intellect, but in all the tender impulses of soul and graceful dignity that adorn human beings and qualify them for the full enjoyment of the beauties that smile upon this delightful earth. It is true, they cannot write in a lofty dome of thought like Shakespeare or Milton, but their genius shines brightest with images that excite sympathetic emotion; and when they write poetry it is sweet, soft, rapturous, and divine.

By their genius many great truths of our nature are reflected in the living waters of song, like the image of gentle spirits floating in the sunshine that gilds the bosom of waveless seas. In the golden dreams of Sigourney, Felicia Hemans, Lucy Landon, and the lovely Norton, the bright sunlight of thought glides and gleams away into some far-off world of delights, like the sunbeams of evening, sleeping on the bosom of the western sky. We cannot at present extend the panegyric on female poets, but let them be assured they all are loved as they would wish to be loved; and are possessed of a talent sufficient to qualify them to climb the mount of fame and "interpret the sound of distant song."

Many are the poets who have never penned their inspiration, yet they have felt, loved and died, but would not give their thoughts to meaner things. They wandered upon the shore of the mighty sea of vision, but never unfolded their pinions to soar across its bosom of boundless waters—they compressed the immortal powers, within them, and left their names unlaurelled upon earth.

Yet, O why should genius sigh
Beneath the sun, moon and stars.

But let us turn to the passion of poetry itself. Reflecting the truth through the imagination by the glowing figures of metaphor, similitude and allegory, it never fails to create pleasing sensations and stir the mighty power of thought within.

It is not the metrical array, the union of similar sounds, nor all the artifice of accent and rhyme, that blend the poetic spirit with the heart; but it is the association of thoughts and feelings, deep, pathetic, and sublime, as they rise and flow from the fountain of sacred emotions. When proceeding from such a source it excites none but happy passions; it moves the heart without depraving it: always agreeable by the blended power of sublimity and tenderness, and still more by the truths it unfolds,—to it truly belongs the power to captivate the fancy and refine the passions.

Wherever sensations of the beautiful exist, there the love of poetry exists. Breathes there a heart in the wide, wide world, in which it has no shrine, from whose altar no incense rise to awaken the mind and form new creations in the sleeping stillness of thought. The soul, wrapt in its vision soars on golden clouds across the sunlit seas of imagination to view the fair and lovely smiling on the bright side of human life—it bears the spirit to the glory of the skies where morning is enthroned forever.

It throws the shadowy form of things upon the heart like the faint gleamings of a dream, transient as a cloud, yet gradually growing into apparent reality—it shines for a moment like a sunbeam, then dies away like a vision, though seemingly a fairy spirit that might hover round us forever.

Poetry is poetry wherever it is found, flowing from the life blood of the human heart. It dwells with the rose that blooms alone in the wilderness—it beautifies the wild flower that bows its head in the evening breeze—it mingles with the sound of the water fall—it is breathed by the dove that is heard upon the hill, and the scream of the eagle in the sky—it is written in characters of fire by the lightning's flash that plays upon the bosom of the storm—it casts a lustre round the god of day as he sinks down into the western sea.

There is poetry in the sun, moon, and stars, in earth's endless variety of charms; and when transcribed from nature's world of delights, and formed in the shadowy regions of the imagination by the sun-like splendors of genius shining upon it, it becomes a "green, bright, murmuring, shadowy, floating, sunny, and starry" world of beauties.

True genius is framed of light, love and happiness; and these beat with a high impulse in the bosom of the poet. With a mind that can think and a heart that can feel, he writes words that speak and thoughts that burn, loved by all natural hearts that have the power and vision of seeing, hearing, and feeling that which genius alone can awaken.

The Muses have ever breathed the incense of thought and affection upon the world. The echo of their voice has been heard from the ancient pavilions of Calliope, Melpomene, and Urania, through succeeding ages down to the present era. Seated on the mount of light and vision amid storm and sunshine, they still behold the stray sunbeams of a far distant glory, gilding the bosom of life's troubled ocean, "like the sun of heaven as the tempest retires, throwing his radiance over the broken billows of the sea." And never will their harp, unstrung and forgotten, lie, while there are hearts whose kindred emotion, congenial to their own, aspire where vissions woo and smile, and glory shines. But its sound, celebrating the fading beauties of the world, will rise amid raptures that lie spread like a banner at the gate of heaven, where the echo of its strain will be driven athwart the sound of archangelic songs; nor in vain will it rise to the bound of infinite numbers, but like a harp of living melody, stricken by the wind, the sound, rising over the seraphic voice, will vibrate forever in strains as sweet as the last-heard murmurs of the Æolean harp, expiring in the winds of heaven.

The guiding angel of the poet's rapturous song,
With outspread wings, broods o'er a world of shaded light.
To it the heart, the mind, and soul of men belong,
His bosom to inspire with dreams of wild delight.
Its home is where the lovely forms of Nature dwell—
It plumes the mind that with immortal lustre shine;
It moves the feelings that with high emotions swell,
And sways the deepest passions with a power divine.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Captive.

BY LELA.

Fairest of all, cull'd and scann'd
O'er all lands and seas,
Bright flowers from Heaven incarnate
Dropt here on earth to bloom;
Grasped by the hand of man
Imprisoned as in a tomb;
Though far Circassian shores,
From realm to realm be sought
A monarch's eye to please,
Yet, aye, among all these
None with this captive maid could vie,—
The dark splendor of her bright eye,
The glorious tint that shaded face
Borrowed from Heaven its place—
Such beauty o'er it shone,
As on the eve of slavery she stood
Like some bright vision of the good
Sent from above to melt the heart
And cast out obdurance.
The manacles that bound her arms
Dropt round her like some charm,
While her long hair veiled o'er her bust
In clon splendor, black as night,
That in some far off northern zone
Caps o'er the dazzling hills of snow
And shuts them from the sight.
There in an attitude of pride,
One foot on other 'clined to ease,
She timidly looked 'round
On multitude like leaves
And sought to read her doom,—
Sought pity from the gaze
Of hardn'd tribes, that stood amaz'd
To view such captive charms.
As well usurp some Hindoo law,
Or grasp the victim from the claw
Of eagle in its flight:
Or tame the fiercest beast that roams
Amid the wildest wood:
Or rob the mother of her young
In her most melting mood.
So Hope had cast her pearl to earth
And lost her jeweled light.
For in that suppliant's askance eye
She's read her fate and wished to die.
Doom'd to bondage: Turkish souls
Measure their love by shining gold—
False attribute of woman's charms
'Neath heathen skies or christian laws.
By far the noblest deed were done
Into some seething, boiling flood
Ending her life instead begun
This captive's life away were flung.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Moral Influence.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

From the evidences all around us one fact is incontestible, and that is, that mankind are governed more by influence than laws. The influence of parents over their children is of all the most powerful. The minds of the young are like soft wax, easily impressed and moulded into whatever shape we may design, and knowing this, we should be guided by prudence and virture in educating our offspring.

Female influence has a greater power than most people are aware of in forming the manners and morals of a nation. It is in their power to raise the tone of public morals, and if they would but take a bold stand against all vice, soon would public obscenity and foppery be banished from society.

Wealth gives to moral influence a great power. The rich have it in their power to give a virtuous tone to public sentiment—to render meanness and vice contemptible, and to make decency and virtue fashionable.

Men who hold public offices have a moral influence which can be made beneficial, for their characters will be criticised, and whether good or bad will be followed. The clerical office possesses a vast amount of this influence. A good and virtuous life in a preacher is the best test of the truth of his doctrines, and one renegade in the pulpit will do more harm to the cause of religion and morality, than the good promoted by twenty fine sermons.

Did it never strike you, reader, that as moral influence is a talent we are accountable for the use of it? It is even so. We are accountable for all the evil that others do through our means. If we, by one single act, have led one astray, we have a sad account to give. Ponder well upon it, and remember that each one of us possesses a power to win one soul from sin, and to add one more star to our Father's throne of glory.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Kisses—As they Are.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

Reader—has the thought ever entered your brain, how much deception is practised, under one of the most "sacred cloaks" of our nature?—viz. a kiss. The kiss may be classified under these *distinct* heads—to wit: the *Common*, *Uncommon* and *Independent*. The independent will bear cultivation to the rejection of the aforesaid common and uncommon—and I think you will agree with me, dear reader, when defined.

Kiss common, is a kiss, wherein all male and female, bipeds, become "infants," and pass through that interesting state of cutting teeth, whereby their pinafores are thoroughly saturated by dreuling. "Coquettes and fops" reign supreme as courtiers to the kiss common.

Kiss uncommon, from which "angels and ministers of grace defend us." "Judas" set the example, and ever since it has been an uncommonly, uncommon way of people expressing their regard for a little less than thirty pieces of silver. Solicitors, to this, are bound by the *legal* deception called *Justice*.

Kiss independent, that's the kiss, that finds an echo in the heart, to which all honest hearts will subscribe—give me the independent kiss, for I believe it's devoid of art, and hath in it a world of *feeling*.

Ah! these dreuling kisses, and "Judas kisses," why they are only a burlesque—a mocking, on the real, independent kiss.

This kiss may easily be discerned by observing those who indulge in "*sweets*," it generally selects its subject, and has independence enough to refrain from the "*Common*" and Uncommon.

Friends, be careful of your *toes*.

"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Inklings.

What is Eloquence? Some say it is an array of irresistible arguments.

Others, it is passion swollen into a stream, sweeping everything before it.

Eloquence is the combination of well-arranged argument and passionate sympathy.

Argument forms out of truth arrows and feathers and points them. Passionate sympathy is the strong bow, that sends them home to their mark.

What is Rhetoric? The art of setting the gems of truth in pictures of beauty.

What is Logic? The art of distinguishing facts from errors, and marshalling the former in such a way as to make them triumphant over the latter.

What is Philosophy? The science, which teaches the relation between cause and effect.

What is gravitation? Omnipotency binding atoms into globes.

What are flowers? The smiles of the vegetable world.

What is thunder? The whip of the Almighty cracked over the heads of His naughty children to keep them in fear of His omnipotent Power.

THE MOTHER.

Bishop Doane, on the death of Rev. Dr. Wharton, said: "He is to be added, on his own testimony, to the host of great and good men who have owned their greatness and their goodness, under God, to a mother's precepts, piety and prayers 'Many of her parental precepts and tender caresses,' he says in a little sketch of his first fifteen years 'are still fresh in my memory and frequently present her dear image to my mind.' Until eighty-five years of age he was accustomed to speak of these benefits with the fervor and susceptibility of youth."

The first Bible ever printed in America, was the Indian Bible, translated by Eliot and published in 1664. The language was very difficult, some of the words containing thirty or forty letters. It was all written with one pen. His motto was, "Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ, can do anything."

It is a good rule always to back your friends and face your enemies.

The War in Syria.

Since preparing the article on the fourth page about the Druses and the Christians, we have further particulars from the war. The correspondent of the Boston Traveler, writing from Beirut, on the 15th ult., gives the following accounts of the terrible slaughter of Christians in Syria. He says:

The fall of Habeiya, an American missionary station, would furnish ample material for a book of horrors. It contains a large Protestant community and a fine church edifice. It is situated near the source of the river Jordan, and had several thousand inhabitants. It was for some time besieged, but the contest commenced in earnest on Friday, the 8th inst., and continued for three days. The Druses were defeated and driven back, and the town was wholly occupied by the Christians. Then came in Turkish treachery to give success to the Druses. The commander of the Turkish troops stationed at that place, under a pretence of aiding the Christians, induced them to feign a retreat towards the castle, promising to fire upon the Druses with his cannon. The Christians did as they were desired; the commander fired blank cartridges only twice, and then ceased. The retreat became real, and the deceived Christians sought refuge in the castle. Upon their arrival the commander required them to deliver their arms, which they surrendered to him. He then allowed them to enter, after compelling each one to say "May God give success to the Sultan." He gave their arms to some muleteers, under the pretence of sending them to Damascus, but soon after put them in the possession of the Druses. The unarmed were then turned over to the tender mercies of the Druses, who butchered a large number and burned the town, including all the American church property. Several hundred of the Christians sought refuge with the Moslem Emeers of Habeiya, who were enemies of the Druses. They remained in the palace for several days, when the Emeers were obliged to surrender for the want of provisions. Thirty of the Emeers were killed, and more than eight hundred Christians were led out and slaughtered like sheep.

Rasheya is another missionary station, and contains a Protestant community. The following letter was written to the Greek Patriarch of Damascus by the Christians at Rasheya, and by him sent to the U. S. Consul:

"When the Druses began the attack, they requested us to deliver our arms to them, which we did. After taking possession of them, they said we do not wish for your arms, but we want you to leave the town and go to Damascus, to which we replied, "Just as you like." They said we must get ready to leave on Tuesday. We said, very well; but suspecting them, we sent our women to the houses of their Sheiks with handkerchiefs around their necks, (a mark of humiliation and surrender.) And so also we went with our priests and leading men, having handkerchiefs on our necks and going round to the houses of all the Sheiks we said to them "our blood, our property, and our families, are all at your disposal; and behold our priests and leading men, kill of us whomsoever you choose; and if you wish our children we are ready to offer them to you." Then they gave us peace and proclaimed the same; but, alas, that peace did not continue for more than a quarter of an hour, when they began to burn the town and fire upon us in the beginning of the night.

"It was a dreadful hour; *they killed the men, cut the children in pieces, throwing them into the fire, violated the women and plundered the property.* If any men reached you, these are all that remain. They took the arms of the murdered; we who are still alive are at the seraglio without food, having no homes, as the town has been burned into ashes, and the Druses come every day to the soldiers and demand the remainder of the women and children to butcher them. If we do not die of hunger, we may die of fear if they allow us to live until Thursday. The soldiers cannot protect us, as there are not many."

What a fearful, horrible record is this. Information was received the following day that all had been killed, and the Christians of Rasheya have been blotted out of existence.

HADJI.

BEIRUT, June 16, 1860.—The plot thickens, and I fear that the doom of this people is sealed. About one hundred of the Hasbeyans arrived here yesterday with blood-stained garments, and with a bloody history of their sufferings and the fate of their companions. Concealed under the dead bodies of more than twelve hundred of their friends and relatives, they spent a long and terrible night; and, after the fiends who had accomplished this awful tragedy left the spot, supposing that none had escaped to tell the tale, these fugitives reached the coast near Tyre, and came to Beirut in boats.

It was a sad story they told; and as they counted over to our devoted missionaries the names of the Protestants whom they saw butchered in cold blood, the hearts of these pious men sank within them. But two of the entire Protestant community were living when the refugees left Hasbeiya, and these were dreadfully wounded—perhaps fatally. The American church and all the mission property was consumed, and those benighted natives who had been brought to a knowledge of the truth by the American missionaries, and so instructed by them as to be able to sustain their own pulpit and schools with native preachers and teachers, were all cut down, and the Protestant mission blotted out! How mysterious are the ways of Providence

Hasbeiya contained about six thousand inhabitants, and was governed by a family of Moslem Princes, of the Great Shehaab family. Seventy Princes, of this name, were also murdered, together with the Moslem Judge, his son, and about thirty other Moslems, who had incurred the hatred of the Druses.

We have now a Russian and a French frigate and an English corvette, besides a French and English gunboat, so that in Beirut we feel pretty safe; for the Moslems know full well that an insurrection here would bring the guns of the fleet upon the town, and lay it in ruins.

But the inland cities are in the utmost danger. Damascus, Aleppo, Hums and Hamouth are trembling in the balance, and it is believed that every Christian in these densely populated cities will be killed as soon as any act of intervention is seen on the part of the Europeans.

THE MASSACRE CONTINUES.

A letter to the Boston Traveler, dated June 21st, announces that Zabrich, the last stronghold of the Christians at Lebanon, had been captured and burned, and that the Christians were flying in all directions. It was rumored that Sidon had also been destroyed, and twenty-five hundred Christians massacred. The defence of Zabrich was heroic.

From the North Carolina Standard.

Gen. Joseph Lane.

As this distinguished soldier and citizen is now on a visit to North Carolina, the following letter from the Hon. D. L. Swain, written in 1859, in relation to his family and nativity, will be read with peculiar interest. The Lane family has made its mark not only in this community, where Gen. Lane has numerous connexions by blood and affinity, but in Buncombe, in the Western part of the State, the county of his birth. There are localities in old Buncombe known as "Lane's Pinnacle," "Lane's Mine Hole Gap," and "Lane's Iron Works," named from the father of Gen. Joe. Lane, who resided for a time in that portion of the State. But it was reserved for the son to make his impress upon the whole country, and to carve out a name of which his relatives, his friends, and the State of his birth may well be proud.

LETTER FROM HON. D. L. SWAIN.

A friend has furnished us (says the Memphis Avalanche) with the copy of a letter from Hon. D. L. Swain, President of the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, in reply to a correspondent who had addressed him some enquiries touching the family history of Gen. Joe. Lane, of Oregon. The letter was a private one, and not intended for publication; but as it contains some facts, which, considering the position now occupied by Gen. Lane before the country, are very interesting, we take the liberty of laying it before our readers. The following is the letter:

CHAPEL HILL, Oct. 23, 1859.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 14th, owing to my absence in the discharge of official duties, did not reach me until a day or two since, and I avail myself of the earliest practicable opportunity to reply.

There is properly no family whose authentic history can be more clearly traced through every period of the annals of North Carolina than that of Gen. Lane's. In proportion to numbers, comparatively few of its members have aspired to or obtained political distinction—or indeed distinction of any kind. On the other hand there are probably few that have enjoyed greater average respectability.

Gen. Lane's great grandfather, Joseph, who signed his name Joseph Lane, jr., in 1727, died at his residence near Halifax, on the Roanoke, in 1776. His three sons, Joel, Joseph and Jesse, were pioneer settlers in the neighborhood of Raleigh, in 1741. Of these, Col. Joel was the wealthiest and most conspicuous. He conveyed to the State the 640 acres of land, the site of the present city of Raleigh. His dwelling house, at the period of its erection the best within a hundred miles, is the present residence of William Boyland, Esq. All three were Whigs during the revolution, and Col Joel and Jesse did service in the army, the latter as a private.

Jesse was the grandfather of General Joseph Lane and of myself. He was born in Halifax, July 4th, 1722, and married Winifred Acock. They had 16 children, 8 sons, and 8 daughters all of whom lived to rear families. In 1779 my grandfather emigrated to Wilkes, now Oglethorpe county, Ga., where he resided until 1800, when he removed to St. Louis, where he died in 1804, in the 82d year of his age. Gen. Lane is the son of John Lane, the eighth child and fourth son of our grandfather Jesse. At the time of the removal of the family to Georgia (1779) Wilkes was a frontier county, and, during a series of years subject to frequent incursions from the Creeks and Cherokees.—There were no members of the family able to bear arms, whose services were not put into requisition, and no one male, or female, who was not familiar with the *horror* of savage warfare. My mother beguiled many an hour during my infancy, in the recital of hair breadth escapes, which, delicate woman as she was, rendered her personal history one of remarkable suffering and adventure.

I have no recollection of my grandfather or uncle John. The former visited my father on his way to Missouri, and the latter was an inmate of our family for some time previous to and subsequent to my birth. I heard much of him in my boyhood, and suppose that in all respects the son is a counterpart of the father, brave, enterprising and generous. He was a universal favorite in the midst of the men who fought at the Cowpens and King's Mountain, and who considered a foray among the Indians as little less than a pastime.

Gen. Lane's mother was Betsy, daughter of James Street, the first Sheriff of my native county—Buncombe. The descendents of the sixteen children of Jesse are dispersed through all the Western and Southern States.

I enter into these particulars simply to satisfy you that whilst the family of Gen. Lane have no just pretensions to the pride of heraldry, there is no cause, on the other hand, why they should blush for his ancestry or his connections.

I write in unavoidable haste, but will be ready at any time to communicate more special information if it shall be called for.

Yours very respectfully,

D. L. SWAIN.

Burial Customs.

The Moors in that land of gross darkness, the Interior of Africa, celebrate their funerals with dismal howlings and wailings. These hideous noises cease when their dead are buried out of their sight, and the nearest relative of the departed then plants a certain kind of evergreen at the grave's head. This shrub is sacred to that solemn use, and the stranger who plucks a leaf of the holy plant, or even touches it with his fingers, is instantly and speedily punished. While the sad procession is on the way to the churchyard, the women in the South of France call out the name of the person on the bier, in a plaintive tone of voice. The Indians used to address the unconscious tenant of the coffin by name as they carried him to the burial, and upbraid him for having forsaken his wife and children, and given up the delights of the chase and the glory of the battle-field.

In the county of Durham, those who carry out the the funeral invitations piously refrain from touching the knockers on the doors, and summon the friends by striking a certain number of times with a key. The singular custom comes down from a very remote period, so far distant that the years have preserved no trace of its origin. In Flintshire it is customary for the company to recite the Lord's Prayer, with bowed heads and subdued voices, while the pall bearers are bringing the bier out of the house. In North Wales, it is the special privilege of the nearest of kin to the deceased to carry the coffin. There are spots on the road to every churchyard called "resting-places." There the bearers lay the bier, and rehearse over it the Lord's Prayer. The train is preceded by a man with a little bell, who rings it the entire way from the house to the tomb. The officiating minister throws the first spadeful of earth on the coffin.

In some parts of Scotland the nearest relatives of the dead lower the coffin into the grave. The cords used are sacred to this solemn service, and are called "mourning cords." The coffin having been let down, they who hold the cords remove their hats, and immediately the whole company uncover. There is no prayer made, no service read, no hymn sung; but there they stand, with bared heads, and all silently looking down into the ready grave for about ten minutes. This solemn pause must be inconceivably impressive. This awful silence, we fancy, is more affecting than the utterance of the most appropriate words in the most becoming manner.

We have the following account of a pretty superstition of the Seneca Indians: "When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its powers of song, and then, loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not unfrequent to see twenty or thirty loosed at once over one grave."

The Greeks buried those who fell under the shaft of death in their bloom while the day was chasing away the shadows and mists of the twilight. The Welsh bless the clouds that rain upon them on their way to the burial.—They look upon the shower as an announcement from the blissful sphere that it is well with the spirit of the departed.

The tender and solemn office of pall-bearer was performed in the early days of Christianity by the highest Church officials, even Bishops considered it not beneath their honorable position to bear upon their shoulders the body of a departed brother. Up to a recent period the bier was carried by those most nearly connected with the deceased. This last service was regarded as the privilege of those whose tears flowed most freely for the sleeper.

Crosses are erected on the highways in Spain, to mark the spot stained by the blood of those who fell by the hand of the assassin. It is a custom that has come down from a remote antiquity for the traveler to cast a stone upon these solitary graves. It is rare for any one to pass these nameless tombstones without laying his simple tribute on the melancholy heap. While performing this touching act for the unfortunate unknown, the lips of some move in prayer for the repose of the soul suddenly and cruelly ushered into the presence of his God.

The rustics in Devonshire believe that the spirit cannot leave the body so long as a door in the house is shut. Vainly supposing that the locks and bolts and latches have to do with the agony of the death struggle, the moment these simple people perceive that the sufferer is pierced by the mortal arrow, they throw every door wide open.

Funeral feasts are of high antiquity, and they were common throughout England till near the close of the last century. This revolting custom, along with many others indicative of gross tastes and loose manners, is no longer practiced even in the most remote and ignorant sections. After these entertainments were abolished, it was customary in some places to send a small loaf of white bread to every house. These doles, as they were called, served at once as invitations to the funeral and donations to the poor. In place of the little loaves, pieces of money were sometimes given to the poor on these occasions. These coins were handed to the needy across the bier, by the nearest female relative of the departed. It used to be customary in some parts of Scotland to distribute large sums of money among the poor at the obsequies of persons of position and wealth.—*Charleston Courier.*

AN ICE CAVE.

A correspondent of the Scientific American, writing on July 5th, from Decorah, Iowa, gives the following report of a visit to an ice cave at that place, on June 23d:

At about 10 A. M., a friend and I started on a midsummer trip, crossed the river in a boat and commenced the ascent of the bluff as usual; it being very steep, and, upon the whole, like the river Jordan—"a hard road to travel." All difficulties, however, being surmounted, we arrived at the mouth of the cave, and sat down to rest awhile and cool ourselves; looking at the thermometer, we found it stood at 80°. Here we found several pieces of candle and one old candlestick left by other visitors.

We then commenced the descent; and as we walked, crawled and slid along, it began to grow cold quite fast—it seemed like going out of a warm room into the cold atmosphere of a winter morning. We soon began to see the frost on the walls, sparkling in the light of our lamps like millions of diamonds. This one sight is worth as much as all the natural exhibitions of every day life to every lover of the beautiful. As we came to our first stopping-place we began to find ice, from a mere film up to six or eight inches thick. This part of the cave is in the shape of a wedge with the small end up; it being about six feet wide at the base, the sides drawing together overhead about 20 feet high—the one side covered with ice, clear as crystal, and the other with sparkling frost. Now we hung the thermometer on the wall and waited the result, the mercury going down gradually to 30 degrees, where it remained.

We also had a little water in a cup, and after leaving it on the rock for about 10 minutes it became skimmed over with ice. There is not near the usual amount of ice in the cave that there usually is at this season of the year, and no doubt it is owing to the dryness of the season. The present spring and summer, so far, has been very dry in Decorah; and I have noticed that the more rain we have, the more ice forms in and around the mouth of the cave. Two years ago, there was so much ice in the first 50 or 60 feet of the cave that we had to cut steps in it with a hatchet to get down with safety. A great quantity of rain fell during that season.

BURIAL OF PRINCE JEROME.

The funeral of Prince Jerome took place at Paris on the 2d inst. All business was suspended. It took place from the Hotel des Invalides. Before the burial the corpse lay in state forty-eight hours. A Paris letter gives the following description of the occasion:

At last we entered a never-ending corridor, in fact, one of the porticoed galleries that flank the eastern side of the front quadrangle of the Palais Royal, covered over, above and on the sides, for the occasion. One almost trembled lest the flooring should not prove strong enough for such a densely packed crowd of humanity, all pressing forward to behold a poor, lifeless corpse, dressed up in all the pride and circumstance of state: but a thought of the solid archway and the stout pillars beneath dissipated everything in the shape of fear.

Chamber after chamber, lighted up with burning candelabras, was silently traversed by this voluminous mass, till at last it entered the chamber of death. All was dark as night, except the north end to the left, which was railed off and lighted up with two magnificent silver stands, bearing large globes of light.—Between them, withdrawn to a little distance, lay the deceased Prince of the house of Bonapart. He was habited in a marshal's uniform, his head slightly elevated; the feet and lower part of the body were covered. The time extended to each spectator, when so many thousands were waiting behind, could not be great; but it was enough to show them what ravages disease and death had made on the once stalwart form of the brother of Napoleon. The body had been embalmed, and much had been done to give the features the general *pose* of the great Emperor's when in his last slumber. Jerome was undoubtedly like him in life, and in death he now resembled him. No stranger who had ever seen a print of the prisoner of St. Helena, as he lay on his last bed, but must have been struck with the great resemblance and the disposition of the hair about the forehead had evidently been made purposely with a view to increase it. On either side were two priests in milk white robes, repeating in dull monotonous tones, the prayers of the Romish Church for the departed soul.

M. Troplong, as President of the Senate, when addressing that body on the subject of Jerome's death, was evidently anxious that the physical resemblance of the deceased to the great Napoleon should be "a thing to be remembered."

"Who among you," he says, "in passing yesterday that funeral couch where lay the brother of Napoleon I., did not feel more present to him and more keen the memory of the great Emperor? Who among you, invoking the past, did not, as it were, again see him, escorted by his prodigies, dictating his laws, organizing revolution, ruling over the age by the Napoleonic idea, and feel still prouder of that France cherished by him, and replaced by his successor on the strong basis of popular suffrage and of a national and moderate policy."

Indeed, so important a matter did it seem that the death-bed of his youngest brother should resuscitate—to use M. Troplong's language—the presence and memory of the great Emperor, that I have heard it averred on tolerably good authority that the artist's pallet was made use of to secure it. I was myself struck with some such suspicions when I viewed the body.

PARTIALITY TO FEMALE CRIMINALS.

The records of the English Courts show that more women are acquitted than men. During the year 1859, of the men who were proceeded against summarily, 68.7 per cent. were convicted by the magistrates; of the women, only 58.9 per cent.—a difference of nearly 15 per cent. The fact is stated to be so throughout criminal statistics. The cause is assigned, by a distinguished writer on the subject, to leniency towards the sex. The working of the same influence has been observable also in instances in our own country.

TELEGRAPH.

We learn from the Winnsboro Register that through the agency of the Adams Express Company the Telegraph will again be put in operation between Columbia and Charlotte, via Winnsboro, Chester, &c.

A LUCKY PRINTER.

The London Times notices the fact that a journeyman printer, a very steady, upright and deserving old man, has recently become the possessor of $200,000 by the decease of an uncle in Australia. He had been employed in the office where he was working at the time he received the news of his accession to wealth for more than forty years without intermission.

CALIFORNIA MOSS.

The excitement against this pleasant and popular beverage seems to have died out, and it has become installed as a prime article of luxury and necessity in many families. We drank some beer made of this moss a few days ago, which was really delicious. The stories about its poisonous properties seem to have originated in the fancy of some timid creature, or was a trick of the sellers of stronger compounds. Nobody need go away from home for a summer drink, with a handful of the moss in the house.—*Augusta Dispatch.*

AMERICANIZING MEXICO.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—Gen. Binckley has published a long address in the Richmond Whig of this morning, in which he calls together all the members of the order of the Knights of the Golden Cross, to meet in Texas on the 15th of September next. He says the members of his order number fifty thousand men, with a capital of one million of dollars. The object of the association, it is stated, is to Americanize Northern Mexico.

Texas has subscribed nearly half a million of dollars, and the General calls upon other States to donate liberally, as the object is to establish a Southern Confederacy.

In the part of Johnston adjoining Wayne county, N. C., a few days ago, two or three citizens whipped a negro belonging to the Atkinson estate, so unmercifully, that he has since died. The parties whose names are withheld, will no doubt be arrested, and the affair investigated.

At the recent meeting of the Rector and Visitors of William and Mary College, Charles Morris, Esq., of Hanover county, was appointed Professor at Law in that venerable institution. In talents, genial qualities and integrity, Mr. Morris is said to bear a striking resemblance to his distinguished father, Richard Morris.

An American breeder bought a *percheron* horse at the late Agricultural Fair in Paris at the enormous price of $13,000. The animal is of the immense draught horse breed.—*Paris Letter.*

There are now twenty steamers running between Boston and ports in the United States and the British provinces. Ten of these run to Southern ports.

Lord Lyons will leave Washington next week to meet the Prince of Wales. During his absence Mr. Irwine will act as Charge d'Affaires.

R. Barnwell Rhett, in a speech in Charleston, said that Hannibal Hamlin is really a mulatto. He has negro blood in his veins.

The Grand Vizier of the Sultan of Turkey has been making a tour of the Turkish provinces, and for a novelty in Oriental customs making speeches to the people at all the principal places.

On Tuesday last, at Hall's store, in Orange county, N. C., four negroes, who were sitting under a tree during a thunder storm, were killed by a stroke of lightning.

The several Vigilance Committees in Orange county, Va., are to meet at Orange Court House, on the second Saturday in August, to form a consolidated association.

Paul Morphy, after spending a few weeks in New York, will take his final departure for Paris, which he intends to make his permanent home.

Times' Correspondence.

BOSTON, July 17, 1860.

An arrival of an old friend long looked for, come at last—Visit to the country, its charms—How we spend Sunday—Are you hot? pleasant weather here—Political items.

Dear Times:—For the first time during our sojourn in this metropolis our weary eyes have been gratified by the welcome appearance of the "Times;" ever acceptable as it always has been, it was a thousand times more so in this land of strangers and if your editorships could only have seen how eagerly it was received by our "better half," it would have grieved you to think that you had so long deprived us of the pleasure. We hope henceforth to greet its weekly arrival and are confident that each return of that day will call forth renewed expressions of our obligations to the Editors and continued wishes for their individual and collective prosperity.

We had the pleasure of spending an evening at West Needham last week; the ride by Railroad was a succession of beauties all the way, 15 miles; clean little villages with nice large churches, Banks and Reading Rooms and rows of gas lights, not to mention the bowling alleys, the billiard and oyster saloons, all bespoke a lively population, stirring and enjoying themselves where many in the South would have sat down in mute despair. The corn looked strong and healthy but none of it was a foot high; the apple and pear trees gave ample promise of what they intended to do, while multitudinous patches of potatoes, onions, carrots, beets, &c., held forth inducements not to be despised; the farmers were in the midst of their Hay crop and it may gratify some of your readers to know that, notwithstanding the early drought, the yield is very large. It would have done your heart good to see how many cocks could be got from an acre or two: you would wonder if it were possible for so much hay to be cut from so small a surface; hay caps are much used and to very great advantage; the hay cures sooner and sweeter by their use and the farmer is in a measure independent of the weather. It was a sight to see the great fat cows, cropping the white clover by the way-side and the elephantine oxen carrying mountains of hay to the barn. The house of our host was one of those snug little cottages Bostonians love so well in the summer; a beautiful lake in front, gently swelling hills, flowers and fruit trees with a fine show of exotics only embellished his elegant hospitality; with such pleasant recollections it will not be wonderful if we soon see the beautiful picture again.

It may interest some of your readers to know what is the usual method of spending Sunday here, assuredly it differs in many respects from that which is most in vogue with such highly moral communities as yours. As an exceptional occurrence we may mention that on last Sunday religious services were held within a large tent on the top of the hill in the Common, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association; the attendance was large and orderly and the proceedings were characterized by much fervor and attention. We are sorry to say that according to our best observation the great mass of the population do not go to Church at all; the streets are generally much thronged and on every side the passer-by hears the piano or violin; sometimes the themes are devotional but oftenest only moral, such as Hail Columbia or may be it is a portion of an Opera; the deep abiding sense of the sacred character of the day seems to be entirely wanting with the mass; riding, visiting and dining seem to be the principal employments. Very few of the churches are open at night, which is a great want; large as many of them are, they are very scantily filled, especially during the summer, but still we think a very great number might be induced to go at night; Advent church has two services daily and three on Sunday and is the only one so far as we know where such ample provision is made for the spiritual sustentation of the flock. In Saturday's paper now before us we find advertised as "Sunday services," a speech on "the election of Lincoln," a lecture on "the past, present and future of America," and a "spiritual Conference;" besides these there are numerous conventicles for the disciples of Emerson, Phillips, Beecher, Cheever and others, where people go to laugh and talk, hear music, read the newspapers, listen to a discourse on Slavery (which they have about as much business to trouble themselves about as if it were in the moon) and then join in the praises of "Saint Theodore Parker."

All our letters from the South speak of the distressingly hot weather: we wish this epistle may bring one of our fine breezes, which is gently fanning us as we write, to the cheek of each of your fair readers; we have not yet had any weather which we would call hot, though to-day is certainly very respectably warm. With the common all dressed in its brightest summer garb and the best Bands of the country to discourse their sweetest "*airs*," with Nahant, Lynn, Hingham and the whole list of little towns, which like a necklace of pearls decorate our Bay, almost within sight, what would be the use of getting into a violent perspiration? Our City Council has just appropriated $25,000 for the Public Garden, with an addition of $30,000 more, if the property owners adjacent raise $10,000; not long since they sent a delegation to see the famous "Central Park" in New York, and they seem determined if possible to outshine their neighbors in this matter.

Mr. Douglas is to be here this evening and great preparations are being made for his reception; we have no objections to seeing the procession and hearing the music. Senator Hale of New Hampshire (Rep.) has sued the Courier (Whig) for an alleged libel, copied from another paper, laying his damages at $10,000; wonder if he will get it?

Yours &c. P. S. S.

NEW YORK, July 16 1860.

Dear Times: You cannot imagine how well I was pleased on receiving your paper to-day.

It is useless for me to try to give you the news of the day; for you get that through your exchanges as soon as you would get my letter. For instance, if a fire occurs in the city at midnight to-night, it is chronicled and sent off to you before I get up in the morning. By the way speaking of fires, there has been an unusual number in this city within the last month—most of them, however, small. I was present at the one last week in Washington Market. The scene was grand indeed. The beauty (if I may call such a scene beautiful, and it *was* beautiful) was greatly enhanced by the *time* and *place*—on the bank of the river, and about midnight. The tall spars of the ships and boats gleamed in the light like so many spectres, while the glare of the burning mass was reflected from ten thousand eager faces. But this fire, though perhaps, covering a larger area, was nothing like so heart-rending an affair as one from which I have just returned. There is a fire now raging at the foot of Charles and Perry sts., which presents anything but a pleasing aspect. I said now, but it is doubtless put out by this time. The difference between this fire and the one at Washington Market is that the former only consumed the market houses, or stalls, while this one destroyed dwelling houses. It does me good to see the firemen—noble hearted, whole souled fellows!—as they manfully battle against the raging element. At the fire this evening there were a number of steam engines at work which did noble execution.

The health of the city is comparatively good. The Walton Matthews tragedy has ceased to excite much interest, the "Japs" are gone, Hicks is hung, and the Great Eastern is getting old, therefore I can truly say that I have nothing "interesting to write." It is true we still have our share of murders, coroners' inquests and military parades, but events like these would not be considered *news*—even if I could supersede the city press in transmitting them to you.

The most prominent feature in this great city is Lager Beer and Crinoline—one is worn externally to keep the women cool, while the other is taken internally to accomplish the same purpose with the men. This may truly be said to be a Lager Beer City. Lager is the fashionable beverage, while ale, a drink somewhat similar, is the drink of the lower or laboring classes.

It is hot here, as well as "down south"—but not *quite* so hot as my friend of the Argus would have us believe it to be in Wadesboro.

I paid a visit a few days ago to Central Park, but did not have time then to examine it. I saw enough, however, to be wonderfully pleased with it. To say that it is picturesque, would convey no idea of what it really is. It is indeed a pleasing "silvan retreat"—combining wonderfully the beauties of nature and art. By the way if it were not for the numerous *parks* with which the city is bedotted over, the place would be almost unendurable.

Yours, truly, EDGAR ORVILLE.

NEW YORK, July 18, 1860.

"Japanese" Expenses—City Fathers—Execution of Hicks—Arrival of Heenan—"The World"—"The Methodist"—The Weather—Dull Times—Gone to the Country.

The bills have come in for the Japanese Entertainment, amounting to $124,000. The Common Council—and it is one of the commonest in the world—appropriated in advance $30,000—just six times too much; and then, in their drunken folly and daring insolence, spent over four times the original amount—One item is the bill of the Metropolitan Hotel, which is only $90,000! The city papers that are honest, are urging the Comptroller not to sign the warrants. The Yankee nation is distinguished for humbugery, but this feat of the Japanese has no precedent, and it is to be hoped, will never have a successor. The only tangible thing the Japanese did, was to leave with Mr. Belmont $20,000 for the policemen of the different cities through which they passed, for preserving them from robbery, and being kidnapped, carried south and sold! The City Fathers should all be imprisoned until they pay the debts which they had no right to contract.

Hicks, the pirate, was hung on Friday last, at Bedlow's Island, publicly, and such another parade of humanity never ought to be seen as witnessed it; cursing, drinking, swearing, shouting, firing of guns and cannon, were taken in turn, and to aggravate Hicks' torment, the bloody s'oop was paraded right in front of him with her name floating in the breeze;—no wonder he said—"be quick." He made a long confession of crime, robbery, and murder, that is almost beyond credit; but his last act was so inhuman and bloody that anything else may be allowed. He was the fourteenth man hung on the same gallows in the last eight years, and he lived and died a *demon*.

Heenan, "The Prince of Wales," arrived last Sunday, and to his great credit be it said, and it is about all we can say, he refused a public *reception*, and came up to the city privately.

"The World," the new daily paper, has gained on public estimation. Its editorials are marked by sound morals and good sense.

"The Methodist," the new religious paper started in this city on private subscription, is out in quarto form. It makes a very handsome appearance, and will rank among the best class of weekly Religious Journals. Drs. Crooks and McClintock are its editors, with a full supply of able assistants and correspondents. Price $1.50 a year.

The weather has at last become warm—hot; which, added to the no trade and dull times just now, renders city life not very desirable. All the upper crust are *in the country*.

Yours, E.

Miscellaneous News Items.

A MALIGNANT DISEASE.

A modern disease, denominated by physicians as "dyphtheria," prevails to an alarming extent in that portion of Donegal township bordering on Independence township, Washington county, Pa., and in this State. It has made its appearance among a large number of families, and, with rare exceptions, has proved fatal—particularly so to children. The family of William Crow, living in what is known as 'Crow Hollow," were attacked, a few days since, and three of his children were conveyed to the grave in the short space of four days, and other members are now lying in a dangerous condition. From one to two members of various other families have also died during the past three weeks, and the disease appears to be spreading rapidly. The physicians seem to be unable to master the malady, or to afford any relief after it has obtained a pretty firm hold on the system. The same complaint prevails seriously in portions of Hopewell township, and also in Wellsburg, Va. In the latter place, several deaths have occurred during the last few days.—*Wheeling (Va.) Intelligencer.*

SAVANNAH BLUES IN NEW YORK.

The Savannah Blues, numbering ninety men have reached New York, and are being handsomely entertained by the City Guard. The Journal of Commerce gives the following incident of their visit:

A negro slave, belonging to Captain Anderson, of the Savannah Blues, last night visited the Police Headquarters. Several abolitionists were in attendance, and strove to induce the slave to abandon his master, telling him that being now in a free State, no one had the right to restrain him of his liberty. The negro, however, steadily refused to avail himself of their suggestions, saying that he was attached to his master, and also that he did not think it would be right to run away. A large body of free negroes were crowded on the walk in Elm street, outside of the Headquarters who also endeavored to persuade the slave to follow this advice. The latter, however, made his escape and returned to his master.

EXTINGUISHING FIRES BY CONTRACT.

In New Orleans, La., fires are extinguished by contract. The Firemen's Charitable Association had just secured the contract for the next five year's at $90,000 per annum. The city furnishes the necessary apparatus and the contractors keep it in good order, and supply the force required for its effective operation.

CHOKED TO DEATH.

A little son, about three years old, of J. E. Riordan, of Georgetown, Ga., was very suddenly killed one day last week by swallowing a small pebble. It had the rock or pebble in its mouth, and while laughing, swallowed it, and was choked to death in a very few minutes.

THE EVENING STAR.

Venus ceased to be the evening star Tuesday (18th,) and will rise for the morning the rest of 1860. Mars, which was the morning star until Monday, will for a time stay up o'nights and be the evening star.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.

The Overland mail, to the 29th, June, has arrived.

The Masonic fraternity had a celebration of St. John's day in San Francisco, with over 10,000 persons in the procession. They laid the cornerstone of a new Masonic Hall, to cost $160,000

The Pony Express was to renew its trips in the first week of July.

There was a jollification meeting in San Francisco on the 26th, over the defeat of the Santillan land claims and overthrow of the Peter Smith titles.

The mining accounts from Carson Valley are cheering. The Ophin company was sending forward 15 tons of ore per week, worth $20,000 per ton.

The population of Washoe was increasing, the hostile Indians having gone to Oregon and hostilities ceased.

Oregon dates are to the 20th. It is conceded that the Democratic candidate for Congress is elected; but that the Legislature is so composed as to render certain the defeat of Lane and Delazon Smith for the U. S. Senate.

A HARD THROW.

The London Times, in the course of an article, glorifying England for what she has done in the last two hundred years, says:

"During the last two hundred years, among the wonderful things we have done, we founded and threw off the United States."

STATE STOCKS.

We note large sales of North Carolina Bonds in New York at 97. Virginia 91¾.

The Savannah (Ga.) Blues, Capt. Anderson, numbering 96 men, left there Tuesday evening, on a steamer, for New York.

A STEP TOWARD AERIAL NAVIGATION.

A navigable balloon, called the "Flying Fish," has been exhibited in Paris, at the Exhibition Palace, and was taken to the court-yard of the Tuilleries to be shown to the Emperor. His Majesty, leading the Prince Imperial by the hand, inspected the apparatus, and the Empress examined it from one of the windows. The balloon, which is somewhat in the form of a whale, is provided with paddle-wheels, worked by a small engine, and made to act in any direction by means of a rudder placed at one of the extremities. The whole was kept captive at a height of some yards, and executed different manœuvres, among which were a circle and a stoppage before the window of the Empress. The Emperor witnessed the experiments with much interest, and addressed numerous inquiries to the inventor.

DEATH OF A VETERAN.

Mr. Wm. Mallory, an old citizen of Southampton county, died a few days, immediately after returning from a visit to this city. Mr. Mallory was eighty years of age, and figured in the suppression of the Southampton massacre. He was the identical "Buck Mallory" who skinned Nat Turner, the leader of the rebellion, and the hide being tanned, portions of it are now extant in the "curiosity shops" of many residents in and about Southampton.—*Petersburg (Va.) Express.*

THE GREAT EASTERN.—NORFOLK.

The Directors of the Great Eastern have offered, if 2,000 tons of semi-bituminous be given them as a gratuity, to bring their ship into Chesapeake Bay and exhibit her there at 50 cents ahead. This offer was made to the City Council of Baltimore, who were in session Saturday considering it, and adjourned without action until to-day. The agent for the Directors, Mr. H. C. Jarrett, was permitted to address the Council on the subject, and in his remarks, said:

The Directors of the ship entertained not a mere visionary thought, but a strong practical idea of employing the ship as a permanent packet between Norfolk and Southampton or Bremen, and all they require is a knowledge of the locality, an assurance of the utility, and a belief in its success. This knowledge, assurance and belief can be best obtained by the ship and Directors appearing in immediate communication with the people of the South.

Mr. S. G. Carragie, the director of the Great Eastern, who came over on her, in a letter instructing Mr. Jarrett in this matter, says:

We are not insensible to the great and mutual advantages which may arise from a more personal and decided intercourse between the representatives of Southern interests, and ourselves. If the advent of the Great Eastern to Southern ports would tend to render temporary into permanent bonds, then, indeed, it would be an object worthy of any sacrifice for the moment on either side; but we do not feel ourselves as either asking or conferring a favor, if we hope our approach to Washington may be facilitated.

It needs very little to convert the previously erratic course of the great ship to any one port, (not for one voyage, but for many.)

A telegram from Baltimore, Saturday, says it has been settled that the Great Eastern will come to Annapolis next Tuesday or Friday, to receive coal.

GARIBALDI AND NAPOLEON.

Garibaldi, who has written to the London Italian committee for a steamer and two Armstrong guns, says in his letter:

Let England remember that she has no really sincere ally except among free people, and that there are but few on the continent. An Italy free and united would supply this want, and be one of the greatest obstacles to the schemes of the Emperor of the French. Send me quick arms, ships, guns, and materials, and I vouch for the speedy realization of this great object.

THE LONDON TIMES OWNED BY THE ROTHSCHILDS.

It has recently been proven that the London Times is owned by the Rothschilds, and the fact creates considerable sensation in London. The statement of Mr. John Walter, M. P., in Parliament, that he was not the principal owner, as well as the course taken by the Times for many years, proves and confirms it all. Not one single move on the political chess board of Europe, that would have any tendency to injure the securities of any nation that were large creditors of the house of Rothschilds, particularly Austria, but has been vehemently opposed by the Times.

A POLITICAL DOCUMENT.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—Taylor, of Louisiana, Senator Pugh, of Ohio, and Mr. Rust, of Arkansas, in behalf of the Douglas National Executive Committee, have issued an address of explanation and counsel to the Democracy of the United States. They declare as the universal sentiment of the supporters of Douglas and Johnson that no compromise whatever is admissable; that they have made no proposition for a joint electoral ticket in any State, and they exhort an indignant rejection of such propositions whenever and wherever made. If, they say, we have any friends in any State, let them call a State Convention at once and nominate a full electoral ticket pledged to the exclusive support of Douglas and Johnson. They can agree to nothing else, because to acknowledge the right of a factious minority to dictate their own terms of co-operation, and thus suffer them to violate the solemn professions of the Democratic party and trample under foot Democratic usages, would be to disband the national organization.

Harvard College has conferred the degree of LL. D. on Lord Lyons.

SHARP PRACTICE BY DUMAS.

A short time since Alexander Dumas announced that he would publish a life of Garibaldi. A Boston publisher at once contracted with Dumas for advanced sheets of the work, paying him $500 for them. A portion was recently received, when it was discovered that Dumas had simply translated the work published some time since by a firm in Philadelphia. The Boston publisher will not be able to recover his $500 from Dumas.

TAKING THE CENSUS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia Ledger of July 16, says that the work of taking the census of Philadelphia will not be completed for several weeks; but it is thought by those having charge of the returns that the population of that city will exceed 650,000. The census takers report a number of persons who have passed their hundredth year, the oldest being 117 years of age, and still in tolerable health. In nearly every ward people of 100, 105, 106, 110, etc., have been reported.

WILMINGTON HERALD.

Messrs. C. E. & R. Burr have disposed of the Herald, with all its appurtenances to Mr. A. M. Waddell, of Wilmington, who will hereafter have the entire control of the paper.

DR. DEEMS.

The friends and admirers of this gentleman will be pleased to see the following extract from a note which we have received from a friend who corresponds with him. After mentioning the receipt of a letter from Dr. Deems, our friend says: "He writes from Oxford, England, where he is staying during the sitting of the British Association, amongst which august body he has been received in a very flattering manner. He delivered an address at Woodstock to an audience of several thousand persons, and another in Oxford before a very learned and exclusive audience. So far as I can judge, he is having a triumphal march, and I am glad for the sake of North Carolina (the English papers always speak of him as from N. C.] that our brilliant little friend is doing so bravely."—*Wilmington Journal.*

TRINITY COLLEGE.

As we stated a week or two since, the Trustees of Trinity College, at their recent meeting, determined to erect additional buildings to meet the increasing demand for accommodation at that flourishing institution. The plan and specifications are about completed, and proposals for the work will soon be invited.

The following embraces the principal features of the plan for the new building, as shown by the drawings, for an inspection of which we are indebted to President Craven:

The centre building will front one hundred and fifty feet, by fifty feet deep; three stories high, and surmounted by a dome. The front will be ornamented with a collonade of six pillars, and fifty feet in extent. The first floor of this centre building will be appropriated to Parlors, Recitation rooms and Museum. The second floor will embrace the Chapel and Societies' Libraries; the third, Chapel Galleries and Societies' Halls. The basement will be fitted up for the Laboratory.

From this centre portion, wings are to extend each one hundred and twenty-five feet—eighty-five feet of each wing next the centre to be forty feet deep, the remaining forty feet, seventy deep; the eighty-five feet will be two stories, and that portion that is forty by seventy at the extremities, three stories high.—The wings are designed and will be fitted up for dormitories, sick rooms, &c. Pulleys for elevating wood to the upper stories, sewers for drainage, and other improvements for health, comfort and convenience will be added; and all finished in the best style of architecture.

The whole will, probably, not be put under contract at once; the Trustees acting with commendable prudence in not "shouldering more than they can carry." The centre will be the first thing attended to, but constructed with reference to the plan as above, which plan the trustees hope to be enabled to complete in a short time, by the labors of the College Agent properly operating on the liberality of the Church.

When this superstructure shall be completed according to the design, as we feel assured it will be, it will be one of the most imposing in the South. We may without violent stretch of the imagination, skip over a few years, or, perhaps, months, and view it standing out in all its magnificence of structure and beauty and finish; and then, turning the mind's eye to an humble edifice across the hills, which was a few years ago, the germ from which has sprung the present flourishing College, favorably known throughout the land, find cause to adore that Providence, and admire that energy and perseverance, which have brought about such wonderful results.

Accommodations may now be had at the college for about two hundred students, but this will soon be inadequate to the demand; hence the necessity of an early completion of the contemplated additions.—*High Point Reporter.*

BURNING OF A STEAMER.

The steamship, Pennsylvania, running between Richmond and Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire Thursday night of last week, anchored off Jamestown during a storm.—The vessel and entire cargo were consumed. The passengers were one gentleman, two ladies, and four children. Three children were drowned by the upsetting of a raft. The rest were rescued by the steamer Curtis Peck, running from Richmond to Norfolk, and passing during the burning.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....July 28, 1860.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

E. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,	GEO. W. COTHRAN,
WM. R. HUNTER,	R. G. STAFFORD,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,	STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,	Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
Mrs. MARY A. DENISON,	MATILDA C. SMILEY,
S. J. C. WHITTLESEY,	FINLEY JOHNSON,
MARY W. JANVRIN,	LOTTIE LINWOOD,
WILLIE E. FABOR,	CLARA AUGUSTA,
INA CLAYTON,	A. PERRY SPERRY,
C. G. DUNN,	Mrs. DI VERNON,
ANNA M. BATES,	PAUL RIVINGTON,
GRACE MILWOOD,	Miss. O. W. LeVERT,
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,	JULIA SOUTHALL,
Mrs. C. BUTCHINS,	Mrs. M. A. REYLNS,
GRIFFITH J. McREE, and others.	J. C. FITZ GERALD and others.

Druses and Christians.

Among the religious news items in The Times of last week, we gave an interesting letter from Syria, detailing the horrors of a civil war now raging in that country, between the two religious sects of Druses and Christians. This led us into an investigation of the present condition of Syria and of the doctrines and principles of the religious sects. A brief synopsis of the facts relating to these subjects may not be wholly devoid of interest to our readers.

Syria is a country of Asiatic Turkey, lying upon the waters of the Mediterranean. The coast has some low, sandy tracts; but is in general, though not deeply indented, lofty and precipitous, rising, particularly in Mount Carmel, to the height of 3000 feet. The surface being very uneven, the climate and products vary greatly within short distances. Along the coast the heat is great, and the orange, banana, and date flourish, while the summits of the mountain are seen covered with snow. Syria comprises a large extent of very productive soil. What is called the "desert" is not a sandy waste, but a region destitute of settled inhabitants and villages, yet with a surface of fine black mould, covered with rank grass and herbs, affording cover for numerous wild animals, and pasturage for many flocks and herds, fed there by wandering Bedouins. It is stated that the country is capable of producing sufficient to sustain ten times its present population; yet such is the rude method of agriculture, the depressed condition and insecurity of the rural population, and the uncertainty of taxation and government regulations, that in bad years corn must frequently be imported from Egypt and elsewhere.

The population of Syria is estimated at 2,000,000. The Mohammedans are most numerous in the secondary towns and in the rural districts. The Druses are an interesting and peculiar tribe among them, chiefly agricultural, but partly occupied in domestic weaving and other manufactures, and inhabiting a part of Mount Lebanon, where they live under an emir or prince of their own race. The form of government is half feudal, half patriarchal. The number of the Druses in the whole of Syria is reckoned to be about 70,000. The mountain region is difficult to cultivate, and the rains of winter are apt to destroy the labor of spring and summer. The patches of soil, too small and rough for the plough, must be turned up and watered by hand. Industry has overcome this natural disadvantage; and in no part of Syria does the face of the mountain show higher culture. The fig, olive, mulberry, and apricot, vineyards trained to grow in crevices of the rock, with small groves of evergreens, surround and embosom the villages which cling to the slopes, or fill the narrow valleys. Usually the village is placed near the entrance of a pass, so that in case of attack it can be more easily defended. The habits of the people are simple and primitive. Most of them till the soil; a few are artisans; and the children of both sexes are kept at school. Every boy learns at an early age how to use the lance, the dagger, the sword, and the gun. The method of fighting is not in masses so much as by ambush and in small bands. Having no artillery, they are compelled to this style of war, and in it they have no superiors.

The proper era of the Druses begins A. D. 1020. The name is derived from Darsi, who appeared A. D. 1019, as a missionary of the Batenian sect, (an apostate Mohammedan sect, and powerful society of murderers in the east.) The Druses regard him as a heretical pupil of the Messiah of their system, and look upon the title which has been fastened upon them as a stigma, the only name which they acknowledge being that of Unitarians. We have not space to devote to a full expose of the Druse theology. The characteristic dogma of the sect is the unity of God's being.—His attributes are created and subordinate beings. He can be known to his accepted children only through human manifestations.—These have been numerous.

They hold that the most precious of substances were used for the composition of man's body, and that the world at the beginning had its perfect form. Men were made male and female, large and small, young and old, in myriads, in a fixed number, and no more souls have since been created. The race may change its figure and visible manifestations, but not its numbers. On the fall of man and the origin of evil, the Druse teaching is neither very clear nor very consistent. The minister of sin, the Rival, is as subtle and insinuating as the Hebrew Satan, but his work is not so well defined. This Rival stands between the Intelligence and the Soul, and his work of temptation is hindered by the counter work of both these celestial powers. The Druse reproduction of the story of paradise makes Enoch and Seth to be the rebellious pair whose sin entailed woe upon the race. The actual evils of sin are manifold—separation from God, confusion of knowledge, religious divisions, wars, jealousies, falsehoods. Sin broke the unity of the race, which the Druse religion aims to restore. The mediator is Hamsa.—His mediation is not, however, vicarious, and the change which he works is not in the mind of God, but in the condition and spirit of men. He battles Satan and remits sin, but does not strictly make an atonement. The Druse doctrine of free will and divine decrees is Pelagian. The length of every man's life, but not his individual acts, is foreordained. Transmigration of souls, which the Druses maintain, offers a convenient method of reconciling the theory of a fixed cosmogony with a righteous retribution. In passing from body to body, good men become continually better, bad men continually worse, though it is possible for them to change and become better.—Ismail Tenaami, the Soul, was formerly John the Baptist, and still earlier Elijah, while the soul of Hamsa was once in the body of Jesus. The Druse transmigration, however, is much more limited than the Indian or the Pythagorean; it denies that the souls of men are imprisoned in the bodies of the lower animals even for the sake of punishment. The souls of men, until the resurrection, keep the embodied form, except a few whose superior excellence permits them to exist as pure spirit. This resurrection will consummate the great spiritual plan. On that day the bodies of the faithful will be absorbed into God's own being, and transformed into spirit: all else will be destroyed. The saved will be few in comparison with the lost, but their condition will not be affected by any earthly memories. Until this day of resurrection a register of the acts of the Unitarians, good and bad, is kept by the Lord in a "safe place" where it will not "spoil nor decay." Punishment, in the mean time, consists in making the soul go downward to a lower society; reward, in elevating it to an ever higher sphere.

The sect, called Christians, and against whom the Druses are now waging so destructive a war, is also known as Nestorians, from Nestorius, a native of Syria, and a presbyter of the church at Antioch. The church at Antioch at first had the christian doctrine in its purity; the followers of Nestorius, in the fifth century, however, not only lost the pure gospel, but exhibited little light of a holy life. By the tenth century the state of Christianity was everywhere most wretched, on account of amazing ignorance, and the consequent superstition and debased morals of the age. As Christians, up to the time when missionary operations were commenced among them, a few years since, the Nestorians, though they might still have a name to live, were dead.—The most intelligent ecclesiastics seemed to have hardly any idea of the meaning of regeneration. Lying and profaneness was universal, and intemperance existed to a fearful extent.

As above intimated, there are American Christians living among the Nestorians, as missionaries. The first notice of the war caused us to fear it were these the Druses were massacring; but we are glad to learn that they are living in safety, the war raging is against the Nestorians.

Alamance Church.

A correspondent of the North Carolina Presbyterian gives the following interesting facts:

This is a Presbyterian church, situated some six or seven miles South East of Greensboro, N. C. It was organized in 1764, by the Rev. Henry Patillo. In 1768, Rev. Dr. Caldwell was installed pastor; and from that time to the present, Alamance has been supplied with regular preaching, although it has had but two pastors. Dr. Caldwell continued pastor till about 1820, since which time the present pastor, Rev. E. W. Caruthers, D.D., has ministered at Alamance.

The church took its name from the creek on whose bank it stands. The name is said to be of Indian origin.

A new kind of pink, called the "Dianthus Hoddewiggie," has been imported from China, with flowers three inches in diameter, color a rich crimson, spotted and edged with white, with a velvety appearance, and very prolific of flowers.

Hon. J. H. Lumpkin, of Ga., died suddenly at Rome, Ga., on the 11th inst.

Garabaldi was born on the 4th of July, 1807.

The number of horses in the world has been estimated at fifty-seven and a half millions.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

THE HOME BOOK OF HEALTH AND MEDICINE; or, the laws and means of physical culture adapted to practical use. Embracing laws of digestion, breathing, ventilation, uses of the lungs, circulation and renovation, laws and diseases of the skin, bathing, how to prevent consumption, clothing and temperature, food and cooking, prisons, exercise and rest, the right use of physicians, &c. By W. A. Alcott, M. D., with 31 illustrations. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans, Publisher. 1860.

This is a large neatly gotten up volume of 500 pages, comprising the substance of a course of popular lectures, prepared and delivered by Dr. W. A. Alcott. The first lecture sets out with the startling announcement that two-fifths of all who are born die under five years of age, and that the remainder all die prematurely. Half die of fevers, one-fourth die of consumption and scrofula; the rest of other diseases. All die of violence, no such thing known in modern days, as natural death, a death from mere old age.

A work of this character is so essential to families, particularly to young mothers, that few should be without it.

The book contains very many valuable and practical suggestions on the various subjects spoken of in the title page, and may prove a very useful book in all families, not so much to teach how to cure diseases, as to prevent their occurrence. The laws and means of physical culture, adapted to practical use, are laid down in a manner within the comprehension of all. Price $1.00. And upon receipt of the price and 21 cents additional for Postage, a copy of the book, together with a handsome present, worth from 50 cents to $100, will be sent to any address in the United States.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE. With historical remarks upon the Declaration, and a sketch of the leading events, connected with the adoption of the Articles of Confederation, and of the Federal Constitution. By Benson J. Lossing, author of "1776." "Lives of the Presidents, &c., illustrated with fifty portraits of the signers, and numerous other engravings. G. G. Evans, Philadelphia.

Mr. Evans informs us that the above work is just issued from his press, at $1.00 a copy, and upon receipt of the price, with 21 cents additional for Postage, a copy of the book, together with a handsome present, worth from 50 cents to $100, will be sent to any address in the United States.

We shall be better able to speak of the merits of the book, when we shall have received our copy; we would remark, however, that it is not like Mr. Lossing to make an inferior work.

YORK'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—An illustrative and constructive Grammar of the English Language, accompanied by several original Diagrams, exhibiting an ocular illustration of some of the difficult principles of the science of language; also an extensive Glossary of the derivation of the principal scientific terms used in this work; in two parts: By Rev. Prof. Brantly York. Raleigh, N. C.: W. L. Pomeroy.

Prof. York has been a very laborious instructor for a great many years; he is well known in the greater portion of this State, and where known, he is known as a grammarian. Some years since he published a small Grammar, which was received with some favor, but it was not by any means complete. This work is so much fuller, and more complete, that it would not be recognized as an edition of the former work: it is a new book. We have given the book a casual examination, not sufficient to pronounce upon it in positive terms, though we see in it many things, decidedly improvements upon any other English Grammar we have ever examined. For more advanced pupils this Grammar is preferable than for new beginners; in fact, we think new beginners would find it impossible to comprehend many of the definitions used in this grammar. For example: "As Monology is analytical in its process, so Dendrology is synthetical; therefore Mono-Dendrology embraces both an analytical and synthetical process." We would remark that at the first introduction of each of these *big* words, its derivation and meaning are given from the Greek, or Latin as it may be. It is impossible, however, that children should comprehend these, or if comprehending at the time, that they should recollect so many of them, as they are used indiscriminately afterwards in the book. The author no doubt fully understands this point; this work is intended for more advanced students and for grammarians who would be thorough. For beginners we have been shown the manuscript of a primary grammar, embracing the principles of the above, but treated in a manner more easily comprehended by children.

The Illustrative and Constructive Grammar is now ready, and the Primary Grammar, we understand, will soon be put to press. We hope the teachers of the State will examine these works; we think they will find them good. It would be a matter of much pride, if our schools, the best in all the Southern States, could be supplied with home-made text-books. There is no good reason to the contrary; if we have men capable of building up and sustaining the best schools; why are they not also capable of making the best text-books? They are. It is only necessary to destroy the impression in the public mind that to be great one must come from a *great* distance. A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. Our General Superintendent of Common Schools deserves much credit for what he has done to bring about this state of things; and Prof York, laboring with so much energy and perseverance under the severe affliction of blindness, also deserves well of the public, and we trust he will yet live to know his labors appreciated.

THE ACTRESS IN HIGH LIFE: An Episode in Winter Quarters. New York: Derby & Jackson, 1860.

As the title page indicates, the scene of the following story is laid in the military camp. The camp is in Portugal, the year 1812, and the story embraces in time only one winter. The writer has a mind full of "many things," and good language to express what he knows; and the present plan has been adopted as a medium to reach the public eye. As a story, we do not particularly admire "The Actress in High Life." There is too much for a little. Every time the characters meet, the full conversation must be given; if they fall into a controversy upon war, religion, infidelity, law, botany, love, or anything else of the ten thousand thoughts that might be suggested in private conversations or public walks and rides, the full disquisition must be faithfully presented. The writer thus shows a varied information, but fails in the main to interest the reader. As a romance, the book is cumbersome; as a budget of learning, the work is valuable. And it furthermore has the great recommendation, that it does not commence with "a golden sunset." We do not know the name of the author, but there might be a field of usefulness and distinction before *him* or *her*.

Religious Summary.

TURKEY.

More copies of the Scriptures furnished by the American Bible Society, were issued from the depot in Constantinople during the first three months of the present year than during the whole of last year. Last year's issues were in advance of those of previous years. Dr. Hamlin writes:

"The Turks of Constantinople very generally know that we have begun the work of converting them to Christianity. Every Sabbath I see from twelve to twenty Turks from Constantinople at our Turkish service in the seminary, and for weeks not a Sabbath has passed without there being some one from the Sublime Porte. Often we have the son or the Secretary of this Pasha or that. With whatever design they come, they listen with the profoundest attention, and you may be sure that every sermon is reported, and every prayer too, to many times the number who first hear them. I do not hesitate to tell any Turk that we are going to preach the gospel to them till every one of them is converted to Christ." Dr. Dwight remarks in a recent letter: "When I first came to Turkey, to speak with a Turk on religious subjects was a punishable crime, and to call in question the claims of Mohammed might be punished with death. Only six years ago a Turk who renounced the false Prophet was publicly beheaded." Dr. Dwight lately called upon a high officer in the Turkish army, who was residing in the palace of a Pasha in the midst of the largest mussulman quarter in the city. He has been a reader of the Bible for six years, and gives satisfactory evidence of an intelligent spiritual renovation and faith in Christ. There has been some exhibition, during the recent *Ramazan*, of hostile feeling towards the Turkish converts; but in general the hatred of Christianity has been less manifested than ever before.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The stated meeting of the Managers was held at the Bible House, Astor Place, on Thursday, the 5th inst., at half past three, P. M.: Wm. B. Crosby, Esq., in the chair. Letters were received from Col. Tronchin, chairman of the Swiss-Italian Committee at Geneva, sending an account of the labors of Bible distributors in Italy, and prospect of farther openings; from Rev. Ludwig S. Jacoby, Bremen, returning thanks for appropriation made by this Society to the work in Germany, and proposing to print a German reference pocket Bible; from Rev. President Woolsey, D. D., accepting appointment as a member of the Committee on Versions; from Rev. Jonathan J. Hoch, Moravian missionary on the Mosquito Coast, requesting Bibles and Testaments for distribution in that country; and others.

Books were granted to the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Bibles and Testaments in Danish and Swedish, to the missionary society of the same, for distribution among the Scandinavians in the northwest. A grant of books was also made for distribution on the Mosquito Coast, Central America, and $500 in money were granted to the Swiss-Italian Committee for distribution of the Scriptures in Italy.

The meeting, as is usual at this season of the year, was small, but interesting and encouraging.

CHINA.

Rev. L. Turner, an English missionary in Canton, China, writes thus:

"Besides speaking well of my fellow-laborers, I am happy to be able to tell you that the facilities for propagating Christian truth here are almost as great as could be desired. In the open places of this large city the preacher can proclaim the glad tidings to listening crowds, and everywhere he finds persons willing to converse about 'the new doctrine.' We can erect chapels, and hearers will come to them; we can collect children into schools; our hospitals are evidently popular, and our books eagerly received.

QUAKERS.

In the year 1690, there were, in Great Britain and Ireland, some seventy thousand "Friends;" at this time there are probably not more than twenty-six thousand, notwithstanding the population of those countries is three times as great as it was then. Since 1810 the deaths among the Friends in Great Britain have exceeded the births by twenty-four hundred.

Do one thing only at a time.

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

Directions for Preserving Fruit.

We have month after month urged our lady readers to subscribe to Godey's Lady's Book, and now, just to show them what they have lost this Summer, we fill 'Our Homes' with the following receipts, which we select from the August number.

PEACHES.

The following is the best plan for preserving peaches in cans:—Take the peaches, either just ripe or fully ripe—this does not matter; pare them, and if you desire to preserve them whole, throw them into cold water as they are pared, to prevent them from losing color.—When everything is ready, place them in the can, adding merely as much sugar to each layer as is sufficient to render them palatable; set the can in a vessel containing hot water, and allow it to remain in boiling water until the fruit becomes heated through: this will require—if a quart can be used—from twenty minutes to half an hour. The temperature required is about 160° F. A very little experience will enable any one to know the proper temperature. It is not possible to heat the contents of the can in this way above a temperature of 180°, unless the cover is fastened down, which is not necessary; but it is evident that it is desirable to subject them to as little heat as possible. When heated, seal at once, by heating the cover, and pressing at once firmly into place, and allowing a weight sufficient to keep down the cover to remain upon it until the cement hardens. The proper temperature of the lid is easily and conveniently ascertained by putting a piece of rosin about the size of a small pea on the cover, when it is put upon the store; as soon as the rosin melts, the cover is ready to be put in place. This precaution is necessary as the solder with which the parts of the lid are joined together easily melts.

If soft peaches are preferred, they should be cut up as if intended to be eaten, and need not be put into water. When ready, they should be put into cans and heated in the manner described above. It is not necessary to heat them in cans, but a larger quantity may be more conveniently heated together, and put into the cans or jars while hot and sealed. A flat stewpan, lined with porcelain, will be found well adapted to this purpose. It must, of course, not be placed directly over the fire, but in a vessel of water, which is set directly on the fire. This method of preserving fresh peaches has been fully tested and may be relied upon.

A lady of Philadelphia, whose peaches keep beautifully and retain much of their delicious flavor, takes half a pound of sugar to each pound of peaches. The sugar is put into a preserving kettle, with half a pint of water to every pound of sugar, heated, and the surface skimmed. Into this syrup the peaches, after being pared, are placed, and boiled ten minutes. The peaches are then put into the cans while hot, and immediately sealed up.

GRAPES IN BUNCHES.

Take out the stones from the grapes with a pin, breaking them as little as possible; boil some clarified sugar nearly to candy height, then put in sufficient grapes to cover the bottom of the preserving pan, without laying them on each other, and boil for five minutes, merely to extract all the juice: lay them in an earthen pan, and pour the syrup over them; cover with paper, and the next day boil the syrup, skimming it well, for five minutes; put in the grapes, let them boil a minute or two; put them in pots and pour the syrup over them, after which tie down.

GRAPE JELLY.

Strip from their stalks some fine ripe black-cluster grapes, and stir them with a wooden spoon over a gentle fire until all have burst, and the juice flown freely from them; strain it off without pressure; and pass it through a twice-folded muslin; weigh and then boil it rapidly for twenty minutes; draw it from the fire, stir in it till dissolved, fourteen ounces of good sugar, roughly powdered, to each pound of juice, and boil the jelly quickly for fifteen minutes longer, keeping it constantly stirred, and perfectly well skimmed. It will be very clear and of a beautiful pale rose color.

QUINCES PRESERVED WHOLE.

Pare and put them into a saucepan, with the parings at the top; then fill it with hard water; cover it close; set it over a gentle fire till they turn reddish; let them stand till cold; put them into a clear, thick syrup; boil them a few minutes; set them on one side till quite cold; boil them again in the same manner; the next day boil them till they look clear; if the syrup is not thick enough, boil it more; when cold, put brandied paper over them. The quinces may be halved or quartered.

QUINCE AND APPLE JELLY.

Cut small and core an equal weight of tart apples and quinces; put the quinces in a preserving kettle, with water to cover them, and boil till soft; add the apples, still keeping water to cover them, and boil till the whole is nearly a pulp; put the whole into a jelly-bag, and strain without pressing.

APPLE JELLY.

Apples make an excellent jelly. The process is as follows: they are pared, quartered, and the core completely removed, and put into a pot without water, closely covered, and put into an oven or over a fire. When pretty well stewed, the juice is to be squeezed out through a cloth, to which a little white of an egg is added, and then the sugar; skim it previous to boiling, then reduce it to a proper consistency and an excellent jelly will be the product.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Elvareen.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

On the banks of the Rhine,
'Neath the foliage green,
Where the myrtle-boughs twine,
Sits Gay Elvareen:—
Ay, dreaming, fair lady,
Art dreaming of me?
I'll soon be returning
O'er the deep, briny sea.

With a heart ever kind—
The grace of a queen,
And a *maiden's true mind*
Has Gay Elvareen:—
Gathering rich flowers
In garlands for me—
I'll soon be returning
O'er the deep, briny sea.

I oft think of the hours,
Ah! when we were seen
Culling sweet flowers
Through meadows, so green:—
They're past—not forever—
For *those hours* with me
Will soon be recurning
O'er the deep, briny sea.

I often in slumber,
'Neath the moon's silver sheen,
Have dreams without number
Of Gay Elvareen;
Those dreams seem enchanted,
Fair lady, to me—
For, I am returning
O'er the deep, briny sea.

Thine image—thus ever
I've worn on my heart,
Engraven—ah! never!
To never depart:—
Now at this happy hour
I'm thinking of thee,
As my bark swiftly glides
O'er the deep, briny sea.

Before long I will meet
By the moss-sodded green,
With sweet kisses to greet
My loved Elvareen:—
Ah! happy, blest hour!
For soon it will be!—
My journey I've ended
O'er the deep, briny sea.

Baltimore, Md. July 15, 1860.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

RUTH WARREN:

A

STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY LEWIS C. G. MILLAR.

CHAPTER V.

Early on the morning, after the accomplishment of the spy's design, he reported to the officers what news he had to bring. His gallant deeds were sounded abroad, and the name of Lieutenant Selden was synonymous with bravery and acuteness. Though he bore his honors gracefully and was grateful for the compliments paid to him, it seemed but to stimulate him to more noble exertions. His aim was *high* and his heart bold. Yet, he thought, what have I done to merit this praise in comparison with the true bravery of that girl Ruth Warren. And turning, for he was still in the council of officers, he addressed General Warren:

"You are of noble blood, General Warren, if you can claim Ruth Warren as a kinsman."

"Ah, Selden," replied the General, "take care of your heart; she has taken captive more than one private, she might conquer even the bold heart of a Lieutenant."

"I did not introduce this phase of the conversation," said Selden "that I might have the pleasure of being teased by your gallant self, but that I might ask permission of this council to take a corporal's guard and meet her about twenty miles distant. She is doing service for the patriots' army, and she should be protected for she might be in danger."

"As much as I regret it, not a man can be spared," responded General Putnam, the commanding officer.

"May I ask your permission," asked Selden, "to go myself in company with the brother of the patriot girl? You surely cannot refuse such a request."

"You may go," replied the commanding officer "but no such request hereafter shall be granted, but will subject the one proposing to court-martial."

"I will try to prove worthy of the high honor you have granted me," answered Selden, and the British will not face a fiercer foe on the morrow."

Selden returned to his camp, busy with schemes for accomplishing his object. The morning passed rapidly away in the ordinary duties of drill, and the evening came on. He now hastened to find the camp of the brother of Ruth Warren. After useless endeavor, and vain inquiry he was about to give up his search when he remembered that Warren was engaged in throwing up the battlements, having been appointed to that service the day before; and being rather a new comer, he was not so widely known. He hurried to the fortifications, and his anxiety was increased at not finding him there, but he ascertained that on account of an accident which he had lately recieved, he had been removed out of the way to some house in Boston, and was there that he might recieve proper medical treatment, and proper nursing. Thither Selden went, and after much labor and loss of time, found him suffering much from a broken leg. This disconcerted him very much as he was unable now to see how he could fulfil his designs. After a few words of sympathy and condolence with Warren, he mentioned his plan.

"Oh! my dear Selden, how thankful I am to you, that you have thought of this. I have been wishing that I could meet some one to whom I could confide myself; and yet I hesitate."

"Do not hesitate in the least, Warren," replied the lieutenant.

"You are of noble blood, Lieutenant Selden," continued Warren "you can boast of a titled descent. I am a poor settler; poor yet determined to be free."

"Warren," said Lieutenant Selden "insult we not thus. The highest nobility to which I aspire, is the nobility of equality and freedom. I scorn and condemn the petty distinctions of slaves!"

"My dear Sir," responded the wounded soldier "you have said enough. You are a true man. I fear sir, I will die; this wound is much more serious than my Physicians think."

So speaking he displayed a wound, so repulsive as to make the heart sicken. The limb was broken just above the knee, and was much swollen, and old. The whole surroundings were soft and almost putrid; so as to look much like the incipient stages of mortification.

"The doctors laugh at the idea of death resulting from a broken bone, but not only do I suffer from that wound, but I fear I have some internal disarrangement, for the pains that I suffer are very acute and severe. This much I say by way of preface. And now, let me thank you that you have been so kind in foreseeing for me and in making these plans. If you are a brother and have only one sister you can appreciate my feelings. See that Ruth is not hurt. May I ask you to do that? May I ask your promise? You can surely get some one to accompany you. Ruth is a good girl and true, and her brave soul deserves protection."

The soldier turned his head, for he was weeping bitterly.

"Your wish shall be my promise, and it shall be most sacredly fulfilled. Cheer up, friend, and hope for better things."

Lieutenant Selden having said this, was about to leave. Warren, as soon as he could control his voice, called him and said:

"My dear Sir, I should not ask so much as I have done, but there is another wish I would most gladly express. Do not tell Ruth of my perilous condition, do not, for she will wish to come; and she should not come here."

Selden returned the grasp of the hand which was extended to him and went his way.

The haggard and pale face of the sufferer told him plainly that there was force in what he had said concerning his condition, and he desired to see those, who knew best his situation. Having the attending physicians he asked them seriously their opinion. They replied in substance that Warren's case was one of danger, and that they had fears as to his recovery and said thus:

"The poor fellow is really in danger, and what baffles our skill the more, is that he fears death himself. Could we only make him cheerful and hopeful, the probability would be that he would recover. What we need now is a good nurse."

At these words, Selden caught. After telling the story that brought him there, he asked if he should tell Ruth Warren in face of the brother's command.

"Bring her, for we need these true-hearted women to help us."

Lieutenant Selden having ascertained these things, began to make his arrangements for the night. The past few days were days of interest and excitement to him. He had braved the fiercest foe, the foe that would slaughter him by fair means or foul. But he had been overcome by a stronger though a gentler foe. He had witnessed the bold in the heat of battle, he had seen the brave in the hour of danger, but he had never before witnessed such heroism or seen such fortitude as was manifested in the peasant girl Ruth. He had seen the strong man bowed in sickness, and his brave heart in agony of love for those dear to him. He was yet to mingle in scenes that could scarcely be imagined.

Such thoughts as these passed rapidly through his mind. The evening, however, was approaching, and it was a time to act rather than think. The day had nearly passed, and yet he had not attained his object, or decided upon any plan. He thought it useless to attempt to take some one with him, as the stern rebuke of the "old fox" General Putnam sufficiently forewarned him, that such an attempt would meet heavy punishment. This much, then, was decided, that he must do this work alone. Should he go abroad again as an idiot or insane man? The people whom he had deceived before would too readily detect him, for they would certainly lay to his charge the depredations which had been committed. It would be impossible again to deceive them, for he must pass through the same part of the country. But a second consideration of the subject caused a different opinion. It would not be probable, (the inhabitants of the country through which he had gone would reason,) that if he really did commit these things, that he would pass this way under the same character. If it could certainly be shown, that the two characters are the same, (it being not probable that, in the first instance, the one performing such acts, would again pass, thus subjecting himself to danger and to death,) then, it must be admitted, that the first character did no damage. Thus, Selden thought, the reasoning would be made, and it was probable that the public mind being excited, would reason a step farther back.

These considerations induced him then to assume the same character, under which he had before acted. But he rode, before, the flying steed and was associated with the gaudy dress, and the ghostly gown. These however would not benefit him on the present occasion as he wished expressly, to aid Ruth Warren. He resolved upon another plan. He determined to wear a sad countenance, yet wild and fearful, to be clothed in heavy, black drapery, and to be conveyed in a hearse-like carriage. His design would be to bring back the spirit of his Grand mother, thus showing that he was unquestionably the same with the first, and that his demeanor would be that of a mourner with slow measured gait.

CHAPTER VI.

We left Ruth Warren, still pursuing her journey, though under much excitement. We will now resume the narrative of her progress, as it was laid down that a better understanding may be had of the scenes which succeed.

The way had become weary, and the toil irksome to Ruth. She had already come a score of miles and yet had a score and more to accomplish else her preceding labor would have been useless. The night had now set in, and though there was really no danger from the beasts that roamed the forests, as there had been a war of extirpation waged against them, by the noblemen [as they were termed by the loyalist;] that had settled quite numerously there, yet it was with no little trepidation that she threaded the way through an intricate forest that lay before her and around. The road she did not know, having never travelled it before, but it bore the marks of the King's Highway, and there was but one other passage to the place to which she was hastening. The moon was unclouded, for the heavy and threatening curtain which had hung so ominously had been rolled back, and was resting upon the horizon. Yet in that forest, the moonshine served but to make shadows, more frightful and fear-inspiring than the very darkness itself.

It is not remarkable, then, that Ruth entered upon this forest with much fear. And this fear was increased by the reflection that six miles of the way lay in this wood. She fancied she heard voices, and the foot-fall of others was distinct. She could see their shadowy forms in the dim distance. She could observe the hushed tone, and the hurried step. She noticed too, that, at times, these voices were louder and more distinct, and again they became hushed. She reasoned from this, that the parties were travelling the same route with her, and not upon the public way, for fear of discovery. She reasoned too, that these parties were cognizant of her presence, for it was evident, that they had regard to the sound of their voices, modulating them, that she might not distinguish the conversation. She fancied too that at times there were chucklings of delight, and curses of disappointment. It was evident that she was the victim, and would soon fall into a snare which they had devised for her undoing. Yet it was all but the phantasy of the imagination.

After much fear and no danger, she concluded as sensible persons would do, that there is "nothing in it." Her attention was thus, for the first time, called out of self entirely, and fixed upon the things around her. Her mind became so much relieved, by this inward resolution, that she felt even cheerful and her spirits were lively. She looked above, and had glimpses of the surpassing beauty of the firmament. She looked around, and saw the sombre darkness of the forest suggesting a pleasing mournfulness. To picture such a scene would be vain and in vain.

Yet it suggests a phase of life, too frequent and too uncared for. How often is it, that we are called to sympathize with the afflicted and distressed. And yet what is this sympathy? Ah! too often is it the cold formality of etiquette, and the stiffness of custom. But true words of sympathy are sweet—aye sweeter than the dew to the crushed flower; and like the dew upon the bruised bud, it brings forth the innate sweetness. Too often, though sincerely told, these words are promises of better things and hopes for happier hours, or allusions to past joys and memories of pleasures forgotten. Rather, friend, tell your stricken companion that the night itself is beautiful, that only the sombre surroundings hide its beauty, and by ever looking upward, surpassing loveliness may be yours to look upon.

But these pleasant meditations were not long to last. The feelings of fear prompted from within had been overcome, and for the last mile or more of her weary way her thoughts had been beguiled by the night music of the forest, and the beauty with which she had been surrounded—but that sound was the human voice and that rattling, the rattling of wheels. There could be no mistake, for the words in the conversation could be heard.

"These rebels will dare anything, my friend; and I doubt not, that Sir George's powder was destroyed through that lunatic."

"And I doubt not," responded a second party, "that the girl whom we saw while at the palace, was a wench, ministering to the wants of these rebels."

"Yes," answered the first voice, "it is only too dark to swing her high now, should we overtake her; and besides it would not be honorable to condemn a female without some trial, even though that trial be a mock one."

What could have been the feelings of Ruth! It was too late to escape, to hide herself even in that dark forest, for she had been discovered; at least thus she judged from the low voices, and hushed tones of the parties, who were in the vehicle. They were no doubt, thought Ruth, planning some method of destruction for her, and resistance or attempt to escape would bring sorer punishment. She thanked her God, that there would be yet a few moments given her by the inhuman wretches, and she prayed that she might be prepared to meet the fate, which would be hers. For a moment she thought of the burden she was carrying, but it was too late to secrete that, for a rude hand was laid upon her shoulder, and she was borne without trouble into the carriage.

"Shall we carry her back to her burnt house, and bind her to one of those flaming logs?" asked one.

"She might cry, when she saw that log house torn down, and in flames; or that concealed box of stolen ammunition brought to light, and broken to pieces," said his companion, and continuing his speech, he addressed Ruth:

"Fair wench, how much powder did you bring in your basket?"

Ruth deigned no answer.

"Ah! I reckon you will not be proud, when you are swung up in the eyes of an army of noble loyalists and British troops."

All the while this rude and disagreeable conversation was going on, the vehicle was rapidly whirling them to Boston. It was a nobleman's carriage, and Ruth presumed it to be Sir George Rumnelston's. It was loaded with ammunition which was destined for the British army. She knew too plainly what would be her fate, and she knew that her mission would be unsuccessful, but she trusted every thing in the hands of Him, who had never forsaken her. With what anguish of spirit she was possessed when she heard of the burning and ransacking of her home, and of the destruction of the ammunition which her brother had taken so much pains to secure, in the event of war, it is useless to say. But the malice of these wicked men stopped not here. But every moment was employed in picturing to her, her dire fate; in frightening her with repeated stories of the terrors of the way side; of the terrors of a certain thicket, near at hand, in which she was to pass the night; in relating anecdotes of a bloody and soul stirring nature, and in keeping her mind in constant agitation and excitement.

The thicket was near at hand, and Ruth's terror was great. She had good evidence, that here she would be left until verdict was obtained against her and that here should be the scene of her dying moments. The conversation, rude and blustering as it was, lagged as the dread thicket was approached. These wicked men themselves had fear, and though they occasionally talked loud and cheeringly, yet it was evident that their hearts were fearful.

Even in this dark moment, hope inspired Ruth. Hope, that flower whose fragrance, fresh and freshening, could be perceived while the most nauseating miasma were aroused, that star whose effulgence pierces the thickest cloud, that music which soothes even when discordant notes are clanging.—Who can be too thankful for it? In the dark hour it cheers, in the bright hour, it gladdens, and even in death it conquers! Reader! there is only one word in which there is hope! Beware, lest it be your lot to dwell forever in the regions of everlasting despair.

What could have inspired this hope, Ruth could not tell. She tried to analyze her feelings, she tried to trace the association of thought, but it was in vain. A thousand hopes and as many fears passed through her mind.

Every sigh of the wind raised her spirits, and depressed them. In every breath of music that was wafted through the wood, a strain came that cheered, and that saddened.

The carriage was even now in the thicket.

Hark! what was that sound! The eye was strained, and the ear was acute. Every sense was brought into requisition. It was a loud piercing shriek, and then a dull moan! What could it have been! And now the rumbling of wheels was heard, and again that loud piercing shriek was heard, followed by the dull moan.

The horses plunged and snorted, the men trembled, muttering low, breathing curses.—Now the horses pressed back upon their haunches, and in their agony and sweat fell in harness. In front, a carrige could be seen, but how could it pass in that thicket. No wonder the horses quaked, and the men swore. The carriage had as it were three wings, each one, slowly flapping! And again was heard that loud, piercing shriek, and then the dull moan! The carriages were not more than a rod apart. What could be done?

"Fire, Fire," muttered one companion to the other. But they would not. And now, see! The eye was strained, and slowly approaching them, clad in the habiliments of death, came one, and commanded,

"Make room."

The astonished and frightened men fled as if for life, leaving the poor, defenceless Ruth alone in the carriage. Her terror was intense, and she longed to faint away or to be embraced in the cold arms of death.

The ghostly one came to her, and feeling through the deserted vehicle, discovered that some one remained within, exclaimed:

"Who are you, speak for your life."

Ruth assayed, but failed.

Again the thundering words came.

Again, Ruth assayed, and her tongue refused.

A third time the message came, but in softer tones.

"My name is Ruth Warren, and I am a prisoner. I disdain the assistance of a loyalist for I am a servant to the Patriot army."

Ruth was astonished even, at her own answer.

"Come with me, my fair Ruth, you need fear no harm: I have met you before."

Trembling with delight and yet fearing the ghostly being and the ghostly carriage, she obeyed.

Selden, for such he was, secured the ammunition from the nobleman's carriage, and after a little trouble in turning, whirled rapidly towards the camp.

Ruth told the story of her adventures, and asked the same of her deliverer.

"My fair Ruth," replied Selden, "I have seen you but once; I was then a wandering lunatic. I gave you a commission, which your bold heart has undertaken this night. I came to rescue you, for I feared you would be thus beset. I have a sad message to deliver; your brother—"

Ruth shrieked,

"Is not dead," continued Selden, "but very ill. The physicians say he needs careful nursing. I need not ask you to come."

Ruth made no reply, but bowing her face in her hands, she wept. Even the hardy soldier could scarce restrain his tears.

"Oh! my God!" thought Ruth "have I sinned? And wilt thou forgive me? Give me grace to bear all thou hast placed upon me!"

CHAPTER VII.

Were we to attempt to write a homily on particular Providences, we could take no better text, than many of the scenes of the Revolution would afford. Who has not heard of the battle of Trenton, and the battle of Cowpens? And who does not remember the great effect of the most trivial incident, as overruled by the gracious Providence?

To Ruth, thus seemed the events which had marked such an epoch in her existence. She could not but believe it to be her duty to serve God in serving freedom as she had done. In doing this, she escaped the death by fire in her log-house, and God had mercifully provided that no living creature should be in it. While thus preserved from evil, she was captured as a spy, and from this, she was wonderfully preserved, and the very means that were used for defeating the ends, which she designed to further, were overruled for good. And now she was near to attend to a brother's wants, to minister to his wants, and to soothe his dying pillow.

Unceasing were Ruth's labor for her brother, and though warned by physicians and friends, yet she heeded not their advice or their remonstrance. She would not, she said she could not leave her dying brother with strangers.

Ah! who can not but admire woman's devotion. The devotion, that makes itself known in the hour of trial and of trouble!—Beauty blooms and blushes in the flowers around us, but this beauty fades, when we compare it with the beauty of the soul.

The physician had told Ruth, that her brother must die. The wound had already commenced mortification, and it was evident that his dissolution was near at hand. The message was received without emotion. Perhaps the pale cheek flushed a little, and then became paler. With self-sacrificing devotion, she attended to the least wish that her brother might express or feel, that his bed may be made more comfortable, that his death might be more peaceful. Every exertion had been made and every want supplied by Ruth.

She sought an opportunity of being alone with her brother, and told him:

"Edward, I do not wish you to talk. Let me say all that I wish. It may be a strange subject for a dying man, but I wish to have your consent. Unworthy as I am, Leiutenant Selden has told me that he loved me and that, though such a thing cannot now take place, he wishes me to marry him. I will not disguise my feelings; I love him, and yet I feel unworthy of his love and his confidence; I am but a peasant girl, and he of noble birth, but I gave my consent. Now let me be made happy by knowing that I act agreeably to the wishes of my dear brother."

The sick man's eyes brightened a little, and he spoke his assent cheerfully.

"You know best, Ruth, but he deserves your love. Would that I could have died bravely, as did Joseph Warren. But God ordered it otherwise. I have done my duty, and am not afraid of the great enemy. Call my friends around me, for I must tell them good-bye. I am dying."

One by one they came around the bedside of their companion. To each one he gave some message, a word of consolation perhaps, or a word of warning.

"Trust the Lord, and he will save you all, through Jesus. Oh! how happy! But I can't speak much. Let me tell you, my friends, be true to your colors. The Lord of hosts, mighty in battle will be with you. But be prepared to meet this great enemy, death. Fight under the banner of the cross, and your Captain, the great Captain, will help you to conquer. It is getting cold now! It is getting dark! Good-bye!"

He who has watched the ebbing of life, and the happy death of the serene Christian, cannot but observe the stillness and solemnity of the occasion. Even after life has departed each one speaks with hushed voice, and walks with silent tread.

The old veterans who had watched Warren's bravery and triumph in the field, sobbed like children, when they saw this victory over death and the grave. All who witnessed this scene wept, and scalding tears coursed down hard and bronzed cheeks, unused to tears. Every one seemed subdued but Ruth. With calm and unruffled face, but very pale, she saw it all, saw his sun go down while it was yet day! And oh! the bitterness of her soul.—She came to soothe, her mission was fulfilled, and now she was among strangers, with no one to whom she could look for protection.

Alone! alone! sweetest of pleasures is it to be alone, to be alone with God! When the heart is full of love and praise, sweet is it to breathe out the soul. But who can depict the utter sadness and bitterness, when the heart is alone, when the lovely flower is plucked up by the roots from the soil of that heart and that spirit of desolation which accompanies distress or bereavement possesses the soul? To feel without a friend, without one, to whom

you can confide, or to whom you can look for assistance, gives the true, the real, the deep anguish to the woman. Like the vine, torn from its support, that perishes or lives a dreary existence, such is the woman.

The agony of feeling then which overwhelmed Ruth, was intense; and it was not only the result of affliction, but was increased by the reflections, which we have just penned.

The wound which occasioned the death of Warren, had caused mortification, so that after death, it was necessary that the funeral should take place shortly. Without notice of the attendance, or the solemnity of the service, we will give the closing words of the man of God, who conducted the funeral obsequies.

"We have seen, my friends, the duty of the Christian soldier, and how well Warren fulfilled his duty. Let me direct your attention to other objects. This valiant youth was the only son of his mother, and she a widow. He had a sister too, with a nephew, dependent upon him. Shall I tell you of her heroism and daring? Shall I mention her love and devotion to you? No! it is vain: her deeds are sounded in every household. But let not your patriotism or your piety be cold towards her. Let it not be said of freemen, of Christian freemen, that such acts of bravery and generosity, were unheeded or unrequited.

"Ruth stands not with you. Had she, her pallid cheek, and lustreless eye would plead with more eloquence, than can be expressed by feeble words. But her heart is too full.

"My friends, this I would not have mentioned in such a solemn place as this, or upon such a solemn occasion: but I thought it a duty to myself, to you, and to those made sad by this afflictive dispensation of Providence."

The body was lowered, the top of the coffin screwed on, and the clods cast in. Oh! how desolate that sound! The grave was closed and the people wended their ways back to their respective homes.

But sadder news was yet in store. From house to house went the story, that thrilled each heart. Ruth Warren was dead!

Shall we say more? Through the household and through the camp went the sad story, and the tender woman and the strong man wept together!

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Terms.—Single subscriber, $2 per year, in advance; clubs of ten and over, $1 5s. each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. Specimen copies sent gratis, on application. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT.

☞ Subscribers receiving their paper with a cross-mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

Wanted Immediately.

A boy, who has a good English education, about 15 years old, who can come well recommended, will be taken as an apprentice to the printing business, if application be made soon.

The Election.

On next Thursday, the 2nd of August, the good people of North Carolina will be called upon to exercise their high prerogative in selecting, at the polls, the State executive for the next two years, the legislature, and the sheriffs for their respective counties. The names and qualifications of the candidates for these several posts of responsibility and trust, together with the political issues, have been before the people and have been thoroughly canvassed: at least we have become *thoroughly* tired of reading an armful of papers daily filled with scarcely anything else than repetitions of discussions, political meetings, &c. It is, therefore, not our intention or inclination to say anything at this time relative to the merits of any of the candidates or any of the issues, but simply to urge upon each freeman the importance of availing himself of this privilege, one so dear and so dearly bought, and to be sure to speak his preference, as a matter of principle, at the polls. Go and vote; let no minor consideration keep you at home. Vote honestly, vote patriotically; vote for the good of your country, and for the good of your children. Let no prejudice, no momentary excitement of feelings, no *little* consideration influence your vote. It may be but one vote, yet that one vote is as much your right as is your head. Vote and vote as your honest judgment dictates, for such men as will represent you; for such men as will reflect credit upon you; for such men as will best know how to enact good and wholesome laws, by which you are to be governed, remembering that "righteousness exalteth a nation, while wickedness is a reproach to any people."

Mrs. Louise Elemjay.

"*Censoria Victoria*" and "*Rising Young Men*" are the titles of two productions, neatly bound in one volume, by Louise Elemjay, and which can be purchased of the gifted authoress now at the Tunstall House, in this place. We have been unable to give this volume a critical examination, but have been most favorably impressed with its contents by a cursory glance at its pages. The work has the decided sanction and commendation of the foremost literary minds of this country. No one will regret calling upon the interesting authoress, (an invalid thrown upon her own resources) and purchasing a book.—*Danville Register.*

Had the editor of the Register examined the book before he penned the above notice, he would have found it a bundle of trash, which the authoress is putting off upon the public through the influence of sympathy for "an invalid thrown upon her own resources."—We know something of the book and something of the writer; but we would not stake our reputation by passing an eulogy upon either. It may be all right to give any amount one may see proper, but there is nothing in the book to justify the belief that the donor will get "value received."

North Carolina College.

We have received a Catalogue of this institution, for the first collegiate year, ending July 1860. The number of students the past year was 62, a very flattering beginning. The following facts we learn from the Catalogue.

North Carolina College is situated in the village of Mount Pleasant, lately incorporated in Cabarrus County North Carolina. It sprung originally out of Western Carolina Male Academy, which had been in operation for four years previous to the establishing of the College. The design of this College is to promote the interests of Education, in connection with other well established Institutions throughout the State. Though founded by the Evangelical Lutheran Church, it is under no ecclesiastical restrictions, being altogether catholic and free in its arrangements and discipline; and hence commends itself to all young men seeking a thorough and finished course of education. As its success in future will depend upon its graduates, both in moral character and intellectual training the Faculty are determined to put forth every effort in order to meet this criterion successfully. The village, though small, has a fair prospect of rapid increase, as shown by accessions and improvements during the last year.

Mount Pleasant is twenty-five miles from Salisbury, ten miles from Gold Hill, twelve from Albemarle, thirty from Charlotte, and nine from Concord, the nearest rail-road station. It is in one of the most fertile and healthy sections of the State. Its seclusion is altogether favorable to study, and the student is here preserved from those allurements of vice and extravagance that too generally beset Schools in more public places. By act of the Legislature, all gambling, exhibitions of an immoral tendency, juggling and the sale of spirituous liquors, are prohibited under a heavy penalty within three miles of the College.

The College Buildings are beautifully situated on an eminence overlooking the village and surrounding country, and contain ample room by two additional Halls, for the accommodation of students.

The Board of Trustees feel that in the selection of their Faculty, they have secured the services of men, who, in their social intercourse, as well as in the lecture room will give entire satisfaction.

The expenses to which a pupil is subjected in the Institution, are so low as to bring the cost of an education within the compass of the most limited means, whilst persons living in cities will find this a pleasant retreat for their sons, subjected to less expense than they would incur by keeping them at home.

Taking then, a view of the Course of Study to be pursued, (inferior to none in the State,) the government of the College, the very moderate expenses, the morality and health of the surrounding community, and the retirement of our village, we feel confident of a generous patronage.

The year will commence on the last Wednesday in September, and continue for forty-two weeks without interruption, except an examination in the middle of each session, and a Literary Contest between the Societies on the 22d of February.

Cosmopolitan Art Association.

The arrangements for the seventh annual drawing are being completed. We have already sent on some names, and are ready at any time to forward others. Price of membership $3, which secures an Engraving, the Art Journal for one year, and a ticket in the drawing.

The new engraving, "Falstaff Mustering his Recruits," will be ready for delivery September 1st.—after which time it will be supplied promptly to all subscribers. Several thousand very fine impressions of "Shakspeare and his Friends," "The Village Blacksmith," "Saturday Night," and "Manifest Destiny," will be ready for delivery on and after July 10th.

Meteoric Phenomenon.

An extraordinary meteor was witnessed, as far as heard from, throughout the United States, on Friday night last. It had about the apparent elevation of an ordinary fire rocket. There appeared to be three heads or balls of fire, of intense brilliancy and beauty, connected in a straight line by a slender thread of fire. As it passed it left at short intervals sparks of fire in its track, which quickly disappeared, while the three heads preserved their brilliancy till they passed beyond vision. It arose in the northwestern part of the heavens, from a cloud which was not revealed until the light of the meteor made it visible. Then an object, about the size of the full moon, and as bright, suddenly started from the cloud, traversed, in a direct easterly line, the whole extent of visible space. It was seen in Richmond, Baltimore, Newark, New York, and New Haven. At Newark it did not appear 100 yards above the ground, and traveled at the speed of a pigeon.

North-Carolina Rail Road.

We make some interesting extracts from the President's Report to the late annual meeting of the stockholders:

BUSINESS OF THE ROAD.

The Tables of Passengers and Freight show an increase in both—Freights out and in, and Passengers through and way. The local business of the road is everywhere steadily improving; each year brings an unfailing increase of production. It has been the policy of the Board to encourage this, by carrying the various fertilizers at less than cost of transportation, looking for remuneration to the returns of freight.

The safety of our Tonnage trains has been this year unvarying, owing to an improvement in the freight equipment by repairs of badly constructed cars, and by an improvement, through ballast and broad sills, in the permanency of the Road-bed and track. The mileage of Freight engines hauling trains, has equaled 122,651 miles. The Passenger trains have escaped disaster, and have made their connection with almost unfailing regularity. Their mileage has reached 307,258 miles.

We are still able to say, that up to this time, from the opening of the road, no passenger has ever been injured on the trains, and no accident involving any serious result has ever happened to a Passenger train. For a line of 223 miles, running a double daily passenger, and a daily freight service, besides irregular trains of lower class, this is a degree of good fortune, which we have great reason to acknowledge with gratitude. It is, no doubt, owing, under the deliverance of a Higher power, to the employment of good and competent men, and to a careful attention to our motive power and car equipment.

We have carried a total of 12,218 Through Passengers, and of 64,206 way passengers.

THE COMPANY'S SHOPS.

The Foundry is a valuable aid to the establishment. The work done is thoroughly well done. Arrangements are lately completed for making all our own car wheels. There is no reason why it cannot be done here as well as any where, and at less cost than they can be bought for abroad.

The Car Shop has turned out less new work heretofore than it can do hereafter, owing to the necessity of thoroughly overhauling the old equipment of cars, which was a poor one in plan and construction. The building of new cars ought to be a regular business. We have an abundance of the best material at command, cheap,—and new work will go up always profitably with the necessary repairs of the old stock.

Within the past six months I have caused the shop buildings and grounds to be enclosed, so that now we have perfect security at all times for the property and material on hand.

CONDITION OF THE ROAD.

The condition and prospects of this State work have improved, and I continue to improve, every year. At this time the safety of the roadway in respect to its solidity, permanency and entire security is better than ever before; the equipment of cars is such as to do the business of the road, with the aid of the new work building, and they also are safer and better than at any time before; the engines have nearly all been so far overhauled within the last six months as to secure their complete efficiency, and the repair shops have the full capability of maintaining this. The system of the road, in detail, and as a whole, has been adopted after careful examination of the manner of working the best roads in the country—we have introduced whatever was deemed to be of value, wherever found, and have made such changes as were applicable to the latitude and people.

During the last year, the late Master of the road, Mr. J. E. Allen, whose faithfulness and efficiency I have always found unfailing, resigned his position, and you directed me to appoint two Division masters in his place, at a lower rate of salary. This was done, and the result has been satisfactory as to the assignment of duties. The line of the road is too long for the supervision of one man.

The late Master of the Machinery, Mr. Thos. E. Roberts, also retired from the service of the Road; after a successfull administration of his duties, in maintaining the machinery with efficiency for a term of years. In his place you appointed, on my recommendation, Mr. E. H. Marsh, the oldest Locomotive Engineer, in point of time of service, on the road. He is a southern man, identified in feeling with the work from long association, throughout his term of service, found faithful and thoroughly competent, and from what he has done and shown of his machanical skill, in the shops, since having the responsible office of Master Mechanic, I feel confident he may be relied on as a capable and proper man.

DEATH OF JOSEPH GALES.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—Joseph Gales the senior partner in the firm owning the *National Intelligencer*, died last night, in the 75th year of his age. He was during two thirds of his life, connected with the *Intelligencer*. Though infirm in body, he retained to the last the full powers of the mind, and visited the office daily until the close of the last week. He was highly esteemed by all classes, and his death has created universal sorrow.

He will be buried on Tuesday, from his country seat, Elkington, near this city. It will probably be a large and most imposing procession.

At Pavillion, Genesee county, N. Y., July 19th, Mrs. Hannah Pierson died at the advanced age of 108 years.

DESTRUCTIVE STORM.

We regret to learn that Salisbury was visited with a destructive storm on Sunday afternoon last, which damaged a large amount of property. For the particulars we are indebted to the *Watchman*.

We have experienced two pretty severe hail storms in this place and vicinity, since our last issue. The first one, on Thursday last, passed over the plantations of Charles Miller, B. Sumner, Philip Owens, and some others, doing very considerable damage to their corn, tobacco, &c. The last one, on Sunday, fell on this place, about six o'clock in the afternoon, and did considerable damage. The large and beautiful R. R. shed, built for the accommodation of both roads, was blown down and is almost a worthless heap of rubbish. The tin roof on nearly one half of Murphy's Granite Row was rolled up and carried nearly fifty yards South of the building and dropped in the street. One of the chimneys of the same house, was blown down. B. Micheal had an unfinished house blown down and the timbers destroyed, and another building moved from its foundations. The engine shed on the Western Road was also damaged in the roof which is put on in sections. The metallic roof, with the wood timbers to which it was attached, of one of the sections, was rolled up in a wad and hurled some distance from the building. Another section was turned over and fell on another part of the roof.

Altogether, the damage done to property in this place is estimated at from ten to twelve thousand dollars.

If the storm had occurred ten minutes sooner there would certainly have been a frightful destruction of human life. A train arrived from a camp-meeting at Foard's, just as the storm was coming up; and the large crowd of people on board had barely time by making haste, to reach their homes when the passenger shed, through which they all passed, was prostrated.

A dispatch from Washington states that France and England have resolved to intervene in the affairs of Mexico, and bring about an armistice for twelve months; also, that a convention of delegates shall be held to arrange the questions at issue between the belligerents in that distracted republic. The United States have been invited to take part in this policy, but it is not likely that the invitation will be accepted.

The New York Metropolitan Hotel bill for boarding the Japanese, is $91,000. Among the items are 10,000 bottles of champagne.

MARRIED.

In Goldsboro, on the 19th inst., Mr. James Smith, of Fayetteville, to Miss Rachael Roberts, of that place.

In Page county, on the 5th inst., Rev. Aaron Bever, of the Virginia Annual Conference, M. E. Church South, to Miss Clarisse Ann Warren.

In Richmond, Va., on the 3rd inst., Rev. Theodore M. Carson to Miss Ellen Allison.

DIED.

In Charlotte, of apoplexy, on the 18th inst., John Irwin, Esq., aged 75 years. Mr. Irwin was the President of the Branch Bank of North Carolina.

In Charlotte, on the 20th inst., Mr. Robert McConnell, aged 21 years.

In Pittsylvania county, Va., at his residence, on Sunday evening, the 15th inst., Jesse C. Carter, about 51 years of age—a citizen well known and highly respected throughout the county.

In Greene county, near Speight's Bridge, on the 10th inst., Miss Prudence L. Cox, aged 15 years, daughter of Mr. S. P. Cox.

In Granville county, at his residence near Oxford, on the evening of the 4th July, Mr. Hamilton Hester.

In Cumberland county, near Blockersville, of Typhoid Fever, on the 17th inst., John Sessoms, son of Amas Sessoms, dec'd, in the 18th year of his age.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.

JULY 25.

Bacon 12@15c, beef 5@6c, beeswax 25c, butter 15c, coffee 00@16c; candles, tallow 20@25c, adamantine 25@30c, sperm 40@45c; corn 90c, meal 100c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 8c, feathers 40c flour $5@6, flaxseed 100c; hides, green 6c, dried 12c; hay 50c, lard 12½@15c, molasses 40c, nails 5½@6¼, oats 35@40c; peas, yellow 90c, white $1; pork $8, rags 2½c, rice 7c, salt $2 25@2 50; sugar, brown 10@12½c, loaf 15c, crushed 15c, clarified 14c; tallow 12½@15c, wheat 1.60@1.10.

NORFOLK MARKET.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants.

JULY 21.

Four—Family 7.25, Extra 6.25, Superfine 6.00. Cotton @11, Rosin 1.30. Corn—white and mixed 65@70, yellow 70@72. Bacon—shoulders 10½, sides 12@12½.

NEW YORK MARKET.

JULY 21.—The cotton market is dull. Flour—Southern 5.50@5.70. Wheat—Southern White 1.55. Corn—Mixed 61½@62½.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

JULY 21.—Wheat—New crop white 1.30@1.55; red 1.20@1.25. Corn—White 70@72; yellow 62@64c.

NEW ORLEANS MARKET.

JULY 21.—Sales of cotton to-day 150 bales. Middlings 10¼@11c.

PETERSBURG MARKET.

JULY 21.—Wheat—1.38@1.52c. Cotton—mixed 9½. Corn—75@78. Bacon—10@11. Flour—superfine 6.50@7.00, extra 7.50@8.00, family 8.50@9.50.

WILMINGTON MARKET.

JULY 21.—Turpentine—Virgin 600 lbs. yellow dip 2.50, hard 1.20 ₱ bbl. Spirits Turpentine—Country lots 36½c and 40c. ₱ gal. for New York bbls. Rosin—Pale No. 1 2.00@3.00 ₱ bbl.; opaque half price. Tar—1.80 ₱ bbl.

COLUMBIA MARKET.

JULY 21.—Flour—4.00 ₱ sack of 98 lbs. Corn—1.12½@1.15c ₱ bu. of 56 lbs. Peas—1.00 ₱ bu. Oats—75@80c. Hay—North Carolina 1.62½@1.75 ₱ 100 lbs.; Northern 2.00@2.25. Cotton—extremes 10¼@11c.

Boston has caught the Central Park fever, and is engaged in preparing a public garden at an expense of $100,000.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

FOR SHERIFF.—We are authorized to announce C. A. BOON a candidate for reelection to the office of Sheriff for the county of Guilford.

DR J. BOVEE DODS' IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS are made from a pure and unadulterated wine, which is about double the usual strength of other Wines, and is imported by only one house in the United States; also, from the following valuable Roots, Herbs, &c., viz: Solomon's Seal, Spikenard, Comfrey, Camomile Flowers, Gentian, Wild Cherry Tree Bark, and Juniberry. We do not profess to have discovered some Roots "known only to the Indians of South America," and a cure for "all diseases which the flesh is heir to," but we claim to present to the public a truly valuable preparation, which every intelligent physician in the country will approve of and recommend.

As a remdy for Incipient Consumption, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, Diseases peculiar to Females, Debility, and all cases requiring a tonic, they are unsurpassed. For the aged and infirm, or for persons of a weak constitution—for Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers—for Book-keepers, Tailors, Seamstresses, Students, Artists, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove truly beneficial. These Bitters not only CURE, but PREVENT Diseases. Being entirely harmless they may be given to Children and Infants with Impunity.

CHAS. WIDDIFIELD & Co., Proprietors,
78 William street, New York.

Sold in Greensboro by
jun30 PORTER & GORRELL.

ONE QUARTER OF ALL OUR PEOPLE ARE Scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA, the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptive and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Blains and Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, all complaints arising from vitiated or impure blood. The popular belief in "impunity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. Sold by PORTER & GORRELL, and all druggists and merchants. je2-2m

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TIMES *has an increasing circulation throughout the South and Southwest, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A few select advertisements only will be admitted, at ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisements will be made. Advertisers not specifying the number of insertions, the advert cannot will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.*

BOOT AND SHOE STORE!—Having purchased of J. B. F. BOONE his entire stock of Boots and Shoes, the undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that they intend keeping a

GOOD ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES,

and other articles connected with that line of business always on hand—which they are determined to sell very low, and for CASH ONLY.

☞ Opposite Brittain's Hotel.
July 21-tf B. G. GRAHAM & CO.

TOBACCO FOR SALE.—We will expose to public vendue, on the 30th instant, at the residence of D. N. Kirkpatrick,

A FINE LOT OF LEAF TOBACCO,

supposed to be eight or ten thousand pounds—belonging to the estate of Joseph Kirkpatrick, deceased. Terms—Six months credit, with approved security.

D. N. KIRKPATRICK, } *Extrs.*
D. E. ALBRIGHT, }
July 14th, 1860. jy21-2w

GROVER & BAKER'S NOISELESS SEWING MACHINE, for Planter's use.—The very great success of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine fying to the manufacturers, who are led to believe that their endeavors to make a RELIABLE machine have been appreciated. The policy of the Company will be unchanged, and, as heretofore, each machine will be warranted in every respect to be as represented. That we manufacture and sell the machine best adapted to all the wants of the people of the South, can be attested by thousands of Families and Planters who have them in daily use; and, feeling the importance of meeting every want of the Southern people, we have just introduced

AN ENTIRELY NEW MACHINE,

MADE EXPRESSLY FOR PLANTER'S USE;

a machine that will sew the finest fabrics for the inmates of the household, and the coarsest goods for the negroes of the field. It is so simple in construction that a servant of ordinary capacity can readily learn to work it and keep it in order. In ordinary wear, the machine cannot get out of repair, and should last many years—being constructed with especial care as to durability. We feel every confidence of it giving the most complete satisfaction. That our machines will do better sewing than can be done by hand, is evidenced by numerous testimonials, and from many we select and invite attention to a few, as showing

WHAT SOUTHERN PEOPLE SAY:

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectation. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—*J. H. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.*

"I am very much pleased with my sewing machine; if I could not get another, I would not take ten times what it cost me. It more than realizes my most sanguine expectations."—*C. R. Nash, Camden C. H., S. C.*

LIST OF PURCHASERS IN GREENSBORO AND VICINITY.

James Sloan, Esq.
Geo. C. Mendenhall, Esq.
Miss N. Dalzell.
" M. Martin.
" W. Lumpkins.
Mrs. E. Burch.
" A. A. Anderson.
" Lindsay.
" W. Long.
" E. Holt.
" E. Gilham.
" Finlay.
" R. Patterson.
" Geo. Patterson.
Mrs. A. Patterson.
" A. Horney.
" P. Rankin.
" Stanly.
" Allston.
" Dr. D. P. Weir.
" D. Starbuck.
" Watson.
" N. Scales.
" Col. M. S. Sherwood.
" R. Denny.
" J. Balsley.
" A. A. Spach.
" Rev. P. Dalton.

OFFICES OF EXHIBITION AND SALE.

495 Broadway, New York; 181 Baltimore st., Baltimore; Mechanics' Institute, Richmond; 249 King st., Charleston; 41 St. Francis st., Mobile; 11 Camp st., New Orleans; 94 Fourth st., Louisville; 4 Higgins' Block, Lexington; 128 North Fourth st., St. Louis; THOMAS P. STOVALL, Augusta, agent for Ga.; Mrs. C. BRANARD, Galveston, Agent for Texas.

J. R. & J. SLOAN, Agents,
June23-6t Greensboro, N. C.

$100 PER MONTH!—Any young man can make One Hundred Dollars in one month, with Tools for cutting Stencil Plates for marking clothes, books, &c.; which tools I will furnish for $10. Try it. All money at my risk, if registered. Address,

JUSTIN S. CRESSY,
may19-6m Drawer 23, Hillsdale, Michigan.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The firm of COLE & AMIS is this day dissolved by mutual consent. February 1st, 1860.

feb11-tf COLE & AMIS.

Miscellaneous News Items.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

The Richmond *Dispatch* makes a *sharp* hit at JOHN BULL through this *sharp* company:

JOHN BULL may pay what compliments he pleases to the money-making propensities and capacities of BROTHER JONATHAN, but the latter has never yet equaled the former, perhaps from the want of opportunity, in the wholesale gouging business. Here upon our own continent, we have in the Hudson's Bay Company an example of gigantic cheating which must make the most dishonest corporation in the United States blush for its degeneracy. Having an area of country which considerably exceeds two millions of square miles, and whose principal commercial value is that of the fur-bearing animals which roam over that vast area. The Indians kill these animals, and strip off and prepare their skins, which they sell to the Company, and it is in this article that the Company almost exclusively deal.

The manner in which the Company impose upon these poor savages would make the sharpest American trader ashamed of himself. British authority before us shows the manner in which they do business. There are about 147,000 Indians in the Company's territories, and 11,000 whites and half-breeds. The Company have 150 trading posts or forts scattered over their territory, and such of the Indians as are engaged in trapping or hunting, attend periodically at these posts, and there conduct their trafficing by barter. The Indian is never paid in money, and there are no stores at which he can buy except the Company's stores. The bargain is—so many skins for so many articles of European manufacture. Each trading post is supplied with articles purchased by the Company in England, at the very cheapest rates. Guns, shot, gunpowder, axes and other tools, knives, blankets, pieces of cloth, made up garments, and a long list of necessary articles, are sent out annually to the territories. A Parliamentary committee once examined the Company's tariff, and ascertained that a common coarse blanket was entered at four beavers, the price of the fur which one beaver skin yields never falling below two dollars in the London market, and sometimes as high as seven dollars and a half. Twenty beavers buy a gun, which cost the Company eight or ten dollars; the same gun is made exchangeable for five silver foxes, often worth two hundred and fifty dollars at the Company's London sales. A four-penny comb will buy a bear skin worth ten dollars, and a sixpenny knife three marten skins worth in London twenty five dollars. Several years ago the profits of this enterprising Company were estimated at *two thousand per cent.* Our cousins over the water do themselves great injustice when they give Americans the credit of being the only people who know how to traffic and barter.

SAW TWO SUNSETS IN ONE DAY.

One of the finest sights Professor Steiner, the aeronaut, says he ever saw, was the view he had of two sunsets while on his balloon trip from Milwaukee on the 5th inst. He was at a certain altitude the first time, when he saw the sun go down upon Lake Michigan, and then descended to the waters of the lake. Afterwards, he commenced rising very rapidly and soon reached such an altitude that the fiery orb again began to rise, apparently, from the Western waters, and ere long he was once more in full sunlight. Then, as he descended again, the sun sank beneath the waters a second time, thus affording two sunset views in a single day. The Professor says, as the sun appeared to rise the second time, it was one of the finest visions he ever witnessed, and the spectacle was of the most magnificent description.

SHOCKING FATE OF A LOST CHILD.

A child named Thomas Henry Finley, aged 4½ years, disappeared on July 5th, having followed from home the band of the Turners, who held a pic nic that day. His dead body was found on Saturday near the Kossuth Woods on "the Neck," by Mr. Wm. Stephens, who was gunning. The barking of his dog in a marsh having attracted his attention, he went to the spot and found the body almost imbedded in mud. The child had evidently followed the procession to the vicinity, and having started to return to his home on the hill, over the meadows, had become fastened in the mire, and perished from exposure and hunger. During the night of the 5th his cries were heard but nothing unusual was suspected, and no search was undertaken. The eyes and nose of the unfortunate lad had been eaten away, probably by muskrats, and the body was otherwise mutilated. One thumb was found in his mouth, showing that in the agony of starvation the lad had attempted to relieve himself. He had perhaps lingered in this horrible condition for two or three days, under a broiling sun by day, and exposed to cold by night, and finally perishing. Coroner Craven announced the sad intelligence to the bereaved parents, and the scene that followed was very touching.—*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

LARGE HAIL STONES.

A hail storm passed over the vicinity of Clover Depot, Halifax county Va., on Wednesday, the 11th inst., when it is said the hail stones of over a pound in weight, fell with such momentum as to cut through the tin roof of the engine house. Corn was beaten down and vegetation was stripped of its foliage.

All through that section of country rain is much needed, and crops are suffering immensely. The storm was only about half a mile in width.

DELIVERY OF EXPRESS PARCELS.

The Supreme Court of Illinois decided that an express company is still liable for packages until an offer to deliver is made at the place of the consignee, an offer to deliver at the express office not being sufficient excuse; except under pecular circumstances. The case was of a package of money sent from Chicago to Madison Wis., to D J. Baldwin whose authorized agent was the Cashier of the Dane County Bank. The Bank and Express office are substantially in the same room, and an offer was made to deliver by the express messenger, at its counter, asking if he wanted it? but the Bank clerk replied from his counter that he did not, not feeling authorized to recieve it.—That night the Express office was robbed, and the above facts were put in unsuccessfully, as defence against payment.

THE STRAY BALLOON ACCOUNTED FOR.

A stray balloon was found in Burlington co., N. J., a day or two since, and, from the marks of blood upon it, the owner was supposed to have been killed. This supposition proves to be erroneous. The balloon proves to be one which went up from Palace Garden, New York, on Saturday last, which is described as follows:

The ascent of Miss Myra Rosella, on Saturday afternoon last, was of a quite satisfactory character, and involved no extraordinary circumstance. She sailed aloft, for two hours or more, at a stupendous height, and alighted, with the ease and grace of a bird, near Hackensack, in our sister State of New Jersey.—But with the singular misfortune always attendant upon the efforts of woman to imitate the achievements of man, her descent was disastrous. She struck a tree, and with some difficulty escaped that danger, when she came near an upset in her car. Further on, approaching the close of her aerial journey, she cast anchor, and called some persons to aid her in reaching the earth. Several gentlemen promptly seized the anchor and rendered gallant aid.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

Only twenty years ago last November, Louis Napoleon (the present Emperor of France,) left the St. Charles Hotel without paying his board bill. In the New Orleans Bee, of November 20th. 1839, appeared the following account of the "noble Count's" departure from that city:

"Count Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, whose arrival in this city was announced in several of the papers, has left New Orleans in high dudgeon; and for just reason. He was yesterday morning informed by the proprietors of the St. Charles Hotel that it was customary for gentlemen traveling without baggage (the Count was splendidly provided in that way for a man of his titular dimensions,) to pay for their board in advance, whereupon the following dialogue transpired:

"Count.—My name is sufficient guarantee for my bill."

"Publican.—Your name, Count, is a very good name, but won't buy marketing."

"Count.—Make out your bill."

"Publican.—It shall be done."

The clerk thereupon presented the bill made out in the name of Count L. N. Bonaparte.

"My name," said the Count, "is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—I wish it so stated in full in the account."

A second bill was made out, and the entire name written out in fair, legible letters.

"My name is Count Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Prince of Segoria Kamschatka and other dependencies—say so in the bill," responded the sprig of nobility.

"I will not make out a third bill," said the clerk.

"Then, I'll be d—d if I pay it!" said his Excellency, and forthwith absquatulated.

FORCE OF THE WIND.

Interesting observations of the force and velocity with which the wind blows at times, were made lately during a gale in Liverpool. At 10 o'clock on the morning of the day when the observations were taken, the velocity of the wind was 47 miles per hour; between 2 and 3 o'clock, it was 46 miles per hour. Its velocity gradually decreased until between 11 and 12 o'clock on the next morning, when it was 15 miles per hour, the lowest point observed during the gale. On the preceding night however, it was blowing at 27 miles per hour. During the succeeding hour it fell to 19 miles; then rose again until between 3 and 4 o'clock of the next morning, when a velocity of 59 miles, the highest noted, was attained. An accident to the anemometer just at this time interrupted the observations. The pressure registered, when the velocity was 32 miles, was 12 lbs. to the square foot. During the gale which occurred on Christmas day 1852 a pressure of 42 lbs. to the square foot was noted, the velocity being 70 miles; and on the 27th of the same month, when the velocity was 71 miles, the pressure was 43 lbs. to the square foot. This gale, during which these last observations were taken, was the severest ever known in Liverpool.

ASTEROIDS.

The spaces of the solar system, or some of them, at least, appear to be thickly peopled with small planets, or asteroids, invisible to the naked eye or of the ordinary telescope. No less than forty-seven of these young planets are now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter, and every few months we hear of a new discovery. The largest of them is said to be only forty miles in diameter, and the smallest only four.

Gen. Comonfort, Ex-President of Mexico, has taken a house in Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Dry Goods, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES, CHEAP.—I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of ladies', gentlemen's, misses', boy's, youth's and children's Shoes and Gaiters, of

EVERY VARIETY, STYLE AND PRICE:

Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calf-skins, and Shoe-findings of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash. 41-tf J. B. F. BOONE.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA. Look here, friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the county agent, for their new, large and magnificent MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her fields and flowers. If you want this Golden Prize, now is the time. The map is seven feet by five, with border views of the State-house, insane asylum, Chapel Hill, male and female colleges, &c.; and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal. PEARCE & BEST.

tf Hillsboro, N. C.

1860.....SPRING STOCK.....1860

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY

The subscriber has received, and begs to call the attention of wholesale dealers to his splendid stock of

Confectioneries, Fruits, Nuts, Fancy Goods, Pickles, Preserves, Brandy Peaches, Cordials, Syrups, Sardines, Soda, Nutmegs, Scotch Ale, London Porter, Matches, Blacking, Perfumery, Soaps, Playing Cards, Baskets, Musical Instruments, Toys, Matches, Porte Monnaies, &c., &c., &c.

Also, a large variety of Notions, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrivals of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New York.

☞ Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed. A. BUTTS, JR.,

(Successor to S. H. MARKS.)

mrch24-1y No. 82 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

DOUBLE REFINED STEAM CANDIES.—My factory is now complete, and by far the largest establishment of the kind south of Philadelphia, which enables me to offer to the trade of

VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, and TENNESSEE.

An article of city made Steam Refined Crushed Sugar Candy. Warranted to stand in any climate. Much below the Northern price for an article of like standard.

LOUIS J. BOSSIEUX,

mrh31-6m No. 80 Main st., Richmond, Va.

J. F. JOLLEE, at Winbourne & Witty's old stand, is now receiving and opening his stock of SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, GROCERIES, &c.,

which he will sell cheap for cash, or to punctual customers on a short credit. A call is solicited from both ladies and gentlemen before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

apr21-tf J. F. JOLLEE.

1860.....SPRING TRADE.....1860

THE MERCHANTS OF VIRGINIA,

North Carolina, and Tennessee, are earnestly requested to examine our stock of DRY GOODS for the ensuing season, consisting of a large assortment of

English and French Dress Goods for ladies, Irish Linens, Worsted Cords, Blay Linens, Cloths, White Cambrics, Farmer Drills, Jaconets, Dunlaps, Swiss and Embroidered Muslins, Cottonades, Vestings, Brilliants, Threads, Spool Cotton, Alpaccas, Italian Cloths, Plain DeLaines, Farmers' Satins, Ginghams, Prints, Hosiery, English and French Drap d'Etes, Linen, Cambric, Silk, Cotton and Gingham Handk'fs.

All of our own importation, and selected in the European markets in person by our experienced and judicious agent, Mr. WILLIAM BELL, formerly in the Dry Goods Jobbing business in this place. Also, a large and attractive stock of AMERICAN FABRICS, all of which we will sell to the trade as low and upon as favorable terms as they can be bought in any market in this country.

ELLETT & DREWRY

mrh31-6m No. 11 Pearl st., Richmond, Va.

ODE TO STRANGERS.

Among the houses in town, oh say if thou knowest
O'er which the gay standard of Fashion 's unfurled,
Where the welcome is warm and the prices are lowest,
And the Clothes are the cheapest and best in the world?
If not—fly at once! To S. ARCHER & Co.'s betake you,
They best can assist you to bear out your plan:
They either have got, or will speedily make you,
The best suit of Clothes ever seen upon man!!

WITHOUT REGARD TO COST! We commence this day to sell off our entire stock of fashionable and superior made clothing—such as

ALL KINDS OF PATTERNS OF PANTS, COATS and VESTS; a superb stock of PLAIN AND FANCY TIES, SHIRTS, DRAWERS, HATS, SHOES, PISTOLS, PERFUMERY, WALKING-CANES,

and a great many articles too numerous to mention. All those wanting to buy clothing cheaper than ever they were offered in this market, will do well to call on

S. ARCHER & CO.

☞ All those indebted to us will please come forward and pay up, for by doing so they will save cost and no mistake.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS—In consequence of gas having been lately introduced into our place, we have left on our hands a large assortment of Kerosine Lamps, which we propose to sell for less than the original cost. We can furnish lamps suited to churches, academies, parlors or kitchens. Call at the Drug Store. may5 PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."

VERMIN.—
"COSTAR'S" Rat, Roach, &c., Exterminator.
"COSTAR'S" Bed-bug Exterminator.
"COSTAR'S" Electric Powder, for Insects, &c.

DESTROYS INSTANTLY

Rats—Roaches—Mice—Moles—Ground Mice—Bed-Bugs—Ants—Mosquitoes—Fleas—Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c., &c.—in short, every form and species of VERMIN.

10 Years established in New York *City*—used by the City Post-Office—the City Prisons and Station Houses—the City Steamers, Ships, &c.—the City Hotels, "Astor," "St. Nicholas," &c.—and by more than 20,000 private families.

☞ Druggists and Retailers everywhere sell them. Wholesale Agents in all the large Cities and Towns. !!! BEWARE!!! of spurious imitations.

$1.00 Sample Boxes sent by Mail.

Address orders—or for "Circular to Dealers" to HENRY R. COSTAR, PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 512 Broadway, (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel,) N. Y.

Sold in Greensboro at the Drug Store, by may20-3m PORTER & GORRELL.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH Cancers, Asthma, Scrofula, or any skin disease, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some of which were given up as hopeless by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is incredulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine sent by mail.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS, tf Greensboro, N. C.

DRUGS, &c.—PORTER & GORRELL are now receiving the largest stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, &c., ever offered in this market. One of the firm has just returned from the Northern markets, where he has been for several weeks, selecting with extreme care every article pertaining to the business. We specially invite the attention of physicians to our unusually heavy stock and splendid assortment. We feel confident that we can fill their orders with such an excellent quality of Drugs and on such liberal terms as to give entire satisfaction. ma5

HENRICO PILE LOTION—The only known sure remedy for the piles. For sale at the Drug Store. may5 PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
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100,000 Packages
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
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Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
In Fourteen Months.
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It is Warranted to Cure
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Depressed Spirits,
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Depressed Spirits,
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Depressed Spirits,
Loss of Appetite,
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Loss of Appetite.
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
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Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back.
It is Especially Adapted to
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Female Complaints;
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Female Complaints;
It Produces Rotundity of Form
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It Produces Rotundity of Form
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
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In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
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Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels."

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors, 363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,

THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,

FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,

IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,

WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME

OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,

MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY

THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.

Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase by W. W. BLISS & CO., PROPRIETORS, 363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors, 363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY WILLIAM H. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

TOM PRINCE: "TOO LATE FOR THE SKIP, AND DOWN BY THE CHAIN."

Tom's father was a collier. He went down to the pit one night to measure the men's work. He had ordered Tom to go with him; but, when he reached the pit's mouth, as no Tom was seen, his father was obliged to go down alone. Tom had gone to play instead of minding his work, and so he got into mischief. Little boys and girls should do one thing at a time. Mind your play when you are at play and mind your work when you are at work. Be hearty at both, and you will do well at both.

When by-and-by Tom reached the pit's mouth, he found the machine by which the miners descended (called the skip) was let down, the chain hanging to it from top to bottom, and the engineer gone home to his tea. He might have waited till the engineer came back to let him down into the pit, by the skip, for it was about three hundred feet deep; but he was afraid his father would be angry and beat him, for he was a strict man, and very severe when his children did wrong.

Tom grew desperate. He picked up a large spike, and seized hold of the chain. He began to let himself down by it; and, when he felt tired, he fixed his large spike between the links of the chain and sat upon it to rest himself. By this means, now and then stopping to rest on his spike, he at length got safely to the bottom, though, had his hand once slipped or his courage failed him a moment, he must have been dashed to pieces. He came down so quietly, that his father, who was at work a little way from the pit-shaft, did not hear him. The man believed he was alone; and so when he heard a footstep coming through the dark gallery of coal towards him he cried out, in some alarm, "Who's that?"

"It's me, father," said Tom, trembling. The angry man turned his Davy lamp full into Tom's face; and, when he saw it was his little boy he nearly fainted.

"How did you get down?" asked the father.

"I climbed down by the chain," said Tom beginning to cry.

"Rascal!" exclaimed the rough father; but, rough as he was, the thought of his child's danger so overcame him, that instead of beating Tom as he might have done, he put his big brawny arms around the lad's neck and kissed him. Tom never did so again.

It is always an injustice to others, as well as an offence in ourselves, to neglect our duties.

When Tom became a man, he saw his early fault repeated in many forms by other men.

When he once marked a late-comer at the railway station who jumped on the train after it had started, and missing his footing, was killed, he said to himself, "He was too late for the skip, and went down by the chain."

He observed another man spoil his credit by being always behind hand with his payments; and, when Tom heard he was a bankrupt at last, he thought "he was too late for the skip and went down by the chain."

There was another man, good at his trade, but always disappointing his customers by never executing their orders at the time agreed on. At length his business deserted him; and as Tom saw him sitting idle and hungry on his empty shopboard, Tom said, "He was too late for the skip, and went down by the chain."

As Tom grew older, he perceived in how many fatal ways people committed his old fault and ran his risk,—most of all in the affairs of their souls. He found men wasting their precious Sabbaths in weekday work or improper amusement, delaying their repentance often until it was too late, running the risk of losing their immortal souls, missing the opportunities and means of grace and religious knowledge, hardening their hearts and ripening for perdition. Tom used to sigh over them, "They are too late indeed for the skip, and are going down by the chain." Alas! said Tom, there is a chain of sins that leads down to "chains of darkness and a bottomless pit."

The early lesson was deeply engraved upon Tom's memory by the kiss his father gave him more than by all the blows he had ever received. It is only hard hearts which, like the steel die, resist any impression except by the punch and the blow; but even these may be softened by reversing the process by which they were case hardened.—*Penny Gazette.*

A GOOD REASON.

"Mother," said little Nezzie, one morning, after having fallen from his bed—"Mother I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near the place where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added, "No, that was not the reason. It was because I slept too near where I fell out."

Nature is an enchanted city turned to stone.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a volume of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

MULCHING WITH THE FIELD PEA.

We copy the following article from the little work on Grape Culture recently published by Mr. Bright, of the Logan Nurseries, near Philadelphia. We know no plant so well adapted to the purpose of mulching as the pea, and are glad to learn it recommends itself, on trial, to so experienced a cultivator as Mr. Bright.

Under the system of shallow planting recommended in this work, it is indispensable that the soil of vineyards and grape borders should be constantly mulched, especially in summer; and indeed under any system of planting in any part of the United States where the Catawba will ripen, it will be found highly useful to shade the ground in some way from the direct rays of the sun, in July and August. Any kind of litter will, of course, answer this purpose; charcoal, or tan composted with lime, would be very good; but the best mulch, beyond all question, would be the leaves of trees.

To mulch an acre of vineyard with any of these substances effectually, would cost almost as much as to manure it with the best of fertilizers: and hence we can scarcely expect it will be done unless some cheap means of accomplishing this object can be suggested.

One very cheap and efficient means of mulching a vineyard, which we have practised to some extent and find quite satisfactory, is to plant in a drill between the rows of vines, the Southern Field Pea or Cow Pea, a leguminous plant very much employed in Virginia and other Southern States, as a green crop to renovate worn-out soils, by ploughing under while in flower. This plant will grow in any soil, if supplied with lime, and will endure the severest drouth without flagging. It sends its roots very deeply into the sub-soil, and obtains the larger portion of its nutriment from the atmosphere. It has a stalk almost as large and firm as that of a tomato vine, and spreads widely over the surface of the ground. In ninety days it produces as much mulching material, and as much green matter of tops and roots, for manure, as an acre of good clover, and of precisely the same character and value, either for manure or food. It is well known, we presume, to all intelligent readers of modern agricultural literature, that the stalk and vine of the pea is richer in nitrogen, (or ammoniacal substances,) and alkaline salts, than the best of wheat or rye straw and hence must form a very valuable material for mulching or manure.

Our method of planting the pea is this: we cultivate the spaces between the rows of vines very lightly with the horse hoe, in the spring, and about the first of June open a very shallow furrow with a small plough, in each space, and drop the peas in this furrow or drill, so as to form hills about two or three feet apart in the drill, say ten or fifteen peas in a hill, and cover with the plough or hoe. Afterwards cultivate a little to keep down weeds, just as you would ordinary peas or corn. It takes about half a bushel, or less, of seed to plant an acre of vineyard in this way, and the seed costs about $1.25 per bushel in Baltimore.

This pea vine makes a very perfect shade for the roots of the grape, while growing, during July and August, and when cut down just as it comes into flower, in the early part of September, furnishes a large quantity of valuable litter for mulching and manure. It does not exhaust the soil, because it returns to it more of carbon and nitrogen than it abstracts from it; and it only takes potash, lime, &c., from sub-soil, to return it to the top-soil in a state better fitted for the food of plants. We have used the kind of pea known as the *clay*, or cow pea, and also the *black eye* pea. The *early black* is said to be the best for a northern clime.

We consider this method of mulching vineyards very economical, and amply sufficient to protect the roots of vines from excessive heat and drouth. Since we commenced this practice, we have learned that a similar method of mulching has been employed in France, for many years. In Reddings Treatise on Modern wines, published in London, in 1833, he states that, "In some parts of France, *lupine* (a kind of pea) are sown among the vines, and buried when in flower around their roots, where they decay; a practice found to be of *singular utility to the crops.*" Again, he says, of vineyards in the island of Madeira, "some growers use animal manures, which others reject, and as the French do, they sow *lupines* among the vines, and bury them at their roots."

In some of the letters written by Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, on the rot in grapes, he states that in several instances, vineyards which were planted on dry porous soil, and accordingly *mulched with weeds*, escaped the rot, while vineyards in the immediate vicinity which were kept clean, and not mulched suffered severely. These passages will be found in Mr. Buchannan's work on the grape.

BUILD HIGH STABLES.

That is high between floors. Most stables are built low "because they are warmer."—But such people forget that warmth is obtained at a sacrifice of the health of the animal and pure air. Shut a man up in a tight, small box. The air may be warmed but it will soon lay him out dead and cold if he continues to breathe it. If stables are tight, they should have high ceilings; if they are not tight but open to the admission of cold currents of air from all directions, they are equally faulty. A stable should be carefully ventilated and one of the cheapest of modes is to build a high one.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest ame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make he best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

THE RETORT.

BY GEORGE P MORRIS.

Old Nick, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
She was playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country-polished life,
And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Jenny sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slyly stole and fondly kissed him!

The husband's anger rose!—and red
And white his face alternate grew!
"Less freedom, ma'am!"—Jane sighed and said
"Oh dear! I didn't know 'twas you"

Mrs. Partington addressed Isaac, while eating a dish of strawberries, thus: "How grand you are growing: by 'nd by you will want to live at the Brevior House, and live on umbrella ice cream. You musn't be so glutinous, dear. I don't like to see a little boy with such velocity of appetite.

Kansas must have been the State in which the boy resided who wrote home to his father, in Pennsylvania, as follows:

"Dad, dad, move right out here, quick, for mighty mean men get elected to office in this State."

An Irishman going to market, met a farmer with an owl.

"Say, misther, what'll yer take for yer bigeyed turkey?"

"'Tis an owl," replied the astonished farmer.

"Never a drop do I care whether it's ould or young; price the bird."

Two country gentlemen went to a store in town to buy a hat. They were delighted with one, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking glass. "What's the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed: —"What for? Why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him, stupid."

A cotemporary wants to know in what age woman has been held in the highest esteem. We don't know, but certainly fashionable ladies fill a larger space in the world now than they ever did before.

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen."

"Oh, yaw? I know the reason for dat. Mine moder vas a woman."

On a sailor's gravestone in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, are the following words to be seen:—"Nobly he did his duty below, and now he has gone aloft."

It takes three editors to start a paper in New Orleans—one to get killed in a duel, one to die of yellow fever, and one to write an obituary of the defunct two.

It is surprising how little love we can be well content with when that love is more than the person giving it gives to anybody else.

It is a contracted mind that finds pity for suffering or misfortune only.

It is astonishing how keen even stupid people are in discovering imaginary affronts.

Wise men feel the folly of their adversaries far more than their wisdom.

There is progress wherever there is a propensity not only to thought but to afterthought.

You may look on nature as a tree on which we are the bloom buds.

Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks so will he act.

Nature is an Æolian harp, whose notes touch higher chords again in us.

Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that wear it are out of fashion.

"I don't think husband, you are very smart." "No indeed, wife, but everbody knows I'm awfully shrewd."

Many a man blows the bellows of the organ that sounds his praise.

To remove dirt from linen—jerk a dandy out of his shirt.

"Tom, what in the world put matrimony into your head? "Well, the fact, is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

Unbustled ladies, pure and undefiled Christians, disinterested friends, common honesty, sound potatoes, are scarce.

What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on? Ans.—War fare.

When is a sailor not a sailor? Ans.—When he is a board.

Why was Petrarch more barbarously treated by his mistress than any bard before or since his time? Ans.—Because he was the poet Laureate.

If a tree were to break a window, what would the window say? Ans.—Tre mend-us.

PRIDE AND VANITY.

It is better to be laughed at than ruined; better to have a wife, who, like Martial's Minerva, cheapens everything and buys nothing, than to be impoverished by one whose vanity will purchase everything, but whose pride will cheapen nothing.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S.....J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph, and Davidson; and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. 6-1y

GEORGE W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. 105-4f

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N. C., will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

LEVI M. SCOTT.....WILLIAM L. SCOTT.
SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Greensborough, N. C., will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Forsythe, Orange and Rockingham. All claims entrusted to them for collection, will receive prompt attention. Office on North Elm street, fourth door from Lindsay's corner. jan 21-1y

Periodicals.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, is one of the cheapest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published each volume containing at least 480 pages, in neat style, with fine cover and advertising sheet. The two volumes will be furnished for only $3 for the year 1860. Clubs remitting us $15 in one letter, will be entitled to six copies.

THE MESSENGER will, as heretofore, present its readers with reviews, historical and biographical sketches, novels, tales, travels, essays, poems, critiques, and papers on the army, navy, and other national subjects. The editorial and critical department will continue under the charge of Jno. R. Thompson, Esq. The business department is conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications of a business nature must be addressed.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSSON & CO.,
jan7-tf or, Bank and 12th Sts., Richmond, Va.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The third volume of this journal commenced with the year 1860. It will be published monthly, at

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

and each number will contain thirty-two pages of reading matter.

THE JOURNAL is neatly printed on good book paper, with some improvements, and efforts will be made to improve it in every respect, in proportion to the encouragement received from those to whom it looks for support.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association, and is under its control; and it is the aim and wish of the committee to whom the management of it is entrusted, to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

THE JOURNAL is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And, since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy of THE JOURNAL for each school district to their respective counties," more attention will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools.—Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly requested to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

TERMS: One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance anyone sending ten new subscribers, will be entitled to one copy extra. All subscriptions to begin with the January No, so long as the back numbers can be supplied.

THE JOURNAL and THE TIMES, one year, for $2 50.

The First Volume of THE JOURNAL will be sent, free of postage, for $2, and the Second for $1.

The Second Volume will be furnished neatly bound, when orders indicate a sufficient demand to justify it, at $1 50; and when ordered by the "Board," for all the schools of a county, at $1 10. Address, J. D. CAMPBELL,
tf Greensborough, N. C.

Advertisements inserted at the same rates as heretofore.

FOR THE YEAR 1860.—
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
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THE TIMES is contributed to regularly by the best writers in the South. Special attention is called to the Historical Department, in which is given Sketches,

With Illustrations,

of the most interesting Revolutionary events; of the lives of our most distinguished patriots and statesmen; and the most prominent and noted places of the country. The publishers are determined to spare neither pains nor expense to make THE TIMES the largest, the cheapest, and the

Best Family Paper

for the South. In it will also be given, weekly, all the news of the day; the market reports; a column for the Farm and the Workshop; a column for the Dairy and Garden; a Children's Department, (edited by Wm. R. Hunter, the "Children's Friend;") and a column of Wit, that will make one "Laugh and grow fat!" Let the families of the South encourage this Southern Family Paper.

TERMS: Single subscription $2 a year; six copies for $10; ten copies for $15. No paper sent unless paid for in advance. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

Educational.

GRAND VIEW FEMALE SEMINARY, Alamance county, N. C., Mrs. NANNIE M. MORTON, Principal, with competent Assistants. This Institution is located in a healthy and intelligent region of country, seven miles north of Gibsonville Station, on the North Carolina Railroad.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS:

Lower English Branches	$ 7 00
Higher English Branches	10 00
Music on Piano	15 00
Use of Instrument	1 00
French	5 00
Oil Painting	10 00
Wax, Leather Work, and Embroidery, each	5 00
Board, per session	30 00

The fall session of this Institution will commence on the 15th of July, 1860. Letters should be addressed to JACOB MORTON,
may5-tf Morton's Store, Alamance co., N. C.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The fall session of this school will commence on the First Monday in July, 1860, and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us.
dec24-tf E. F. WATSON.
*** Greensboro Patriot, Hillsboro Recorder, and Christian Sun, please copy.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—The next term will commence August 15th. We have good boarding accommodations for about two hundred students.

EXPENSES:

Tuition,	$50 00 per annum.
Tuition in Prep.,	$20 00 to $36 00 per annum.
Board, including rooms, fuel, washing, &c.,	$8 00 to $10 00 per month.

july7-4w B. CRAVEN.

WEST GREEN NURSERIES AND GARDENS, near Greensboro.—Gentlemen and Ladies wishing to visit the above establishment, will find hacks, carriages, &c., at Greensboro on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and other days if necessary. For tickets apply to PORTER & GORRELL at the Drug Store.
may26-6m WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL.

L. DRUCKER. J. HEILBRUN. D. A. WOLFF.
NEW CASH STORE.—The old and well-known establishment of DRUCKER & HEILBRUN in Charlotte, have opened a branch of their establishment in Greensboro, under the name and style of HEILBRUN, DRUCKER & CO., and have opened an entirely new stock of goods, consisting of
FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, BOOTS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, &c., &c.;
all of which we will sell at greatly less prices than they have been sold for heretofore, and we therefore invite the attention of all those wishing to purchase to our stock of goods. We have taken a part of the house occupied by the widow Adams, between McAdoo's corner and Caldwell's corner, where all are solicited to give us a call.
may19-3m DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the firm of COLE & AMIS must come forward and settle, as the books must be closed. feb11-tf.

AT COST FOR CASH.—The subscriber having bought the entire interest of J. A AMIS in the firm of COLE & AMIS, now offers his entire stock of DRY GOODS at cost for cash.
feb11-tf B. L. COLE

Business Cards.

W. GRAYDON.....J. GRAYDON.....G. H. SEELEY.....W. A. SCOTT.
A. PERRY SPERRY, of North Carolina, with WM. GRAYDON & CO., importers and jobbers of Dry Goods, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay st., New York. 2-1y

CO-PARTNERSHIP—M. KELLOGG of Milton, and W. M. YOUNG of Guilford, have this day formed a co-partnership for manufacturing Monuments and Tomb-stones of every description, which will be delivered at all places in Southern Virginia and North Carolina, at the lowest prices. All orders sent to Milton or Greensboro will be promptly attended to.
may12-3m KELLOGG & YOUNG.

C. POLVOGT, Upholster and Paper Hanger, Corner FRONT and PRINCESS Streets, WILMINGTON, N. C.
Keeps constantly on hand
MATTRESSES, LOUNGES,
CUSHIONS, FEATHERS,
CURLED HAIR, MOSS, and
All UPHOLSTERY MATERIALS.
Also, Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Fire Screens and Decorations of every description.
PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER.
Prompt attention given to fitting up Rail Road Cars, Steamboats and Private Dwellings. July 21—tf.

JOHN DICKENSON, ... ISAAC S. COLE, of Petersburg. of Halifax.
DICKENSON & COLE, RICHMOND, Va., Commission and Forwarding Merchants, Shockoe Slip, second door from Cary street, solicit consignments of tobacco, wheat, corn and other produce. Special attention paid to forwarding manufactured tobacco and goods.

FINLEY JOHNSON, being well known as a Writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write orations, addresses, essays, presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the press, write acrostics, lines for albums, obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Post-office address, Baltimore, M. P. 107-tf

GEO. H. KELLY, BOOKSELLER, No. 27 Market street, Wilmington, N. C., keeps constantly on hand every variety of school books, miscellaneous books, blank books, drawing books, music books, foolscap and letter papers, ladies note and billet paper, artist materials of all kinds, letter presses, letter copying books, inks, pencils, envelopes, law books, doctor books, drawing papers, Lithographs for Grecian and oil paintings, Wm. Knabe & Co.'s celebrated piano fortes, Grover & Baker sewing machines, and Conner sewing machines. All orders for any of the above articles promptly filled and forwarded by mail, railroad, or otherwise. july26-1y.

J. J. CHAPLIN, BOOK-BINDER, at the old "Star" office, opposite the Presbyterian Church, Raleigh, N. C., respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity, that he will promptly attend to the binding of newspapers magazines, and periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms. jan1-tf

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER, and dealer in Furniture, near the N. C. Railroad depot, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand or will make to order all kinds of cabinet-furniture, such as dressing-bureaus, wardrobes, washstands, cottage-bedsteads, coffins, &c. Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work, as he is confident from his past experience it cannot be excelled. Work delivered on board the cars free of charge. 127-1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL Purchasing and Commission Merchant, and dealer in pianos, melodeons, pumps, safes, sewing machines, &c., No. 147 Chambers street, New York. Commission for buying and forwarding, Two and a half per cent. Also, sole proprietor of the American Pump, raising water in all depths under 150 feet, by hand. Also, publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. Carolina," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c. *References*: McPheeters & Glenville, John B. Odom, Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington; W. & P. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D.D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Story, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. W. A. Graham, Hon. J. W. Ellis, Hon. D. L. Swain, Charles F. Deems, D.D., North Carolina; Myatt & Toler, Ala. tf

J. W. WIGGINS, AGENT, (late of Raleigh, N. C.) General Commission and Produce Merchant, 137 Sycamore street, Petersburg, Va. He will fill orders of every kind promptly. jan14-1y

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND WATCHMAKER, West-market street, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand a splendid stock of fine and fashionable jewelry of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral jewelry. He has also a stock of fine gold and silver watches. All repairing done in the best manner, and warranted. All persons wishing to purchase jewelry will do well to call on him before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market. aug1-tf

R. G. STAPLES, CARD-WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less written and forwarded, pre-paid for $1 50 per pack; cards of more than two lines $2 00 per pack, pre-paid to the address of those ordering. tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Norfolk, Va., are prepared to receive and dispose of advantageously any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience together with every facility and ability, enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for and refer to among others: P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; H. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan. Authorized agents for THE TIMES, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-1y

R. L. DICKINSON, (successor to Binford, Dickinson & Weisiger,) manufacturers of all kinds of Silk and Fur Hats, and wholesale dealer in Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Furs, No. 78 Main st., Richmond, Va. mr31-1y

RICHARDSON & CO., deal exclusively in, and keep for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at their ware-rooms, No. 95 Main st., Richmond, Va., all kinds of Carpetings, Mattings, Floor Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Curtain Goods, Window Shades, Table Oil Cloths, Piano and Table Covers, &c. They will have made to order Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Curtains and Shades. mrh 31-6m.p

WM. PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, Fayetteville street, Raleigh, will supply designs, working drawings, specifications and superintendence for churches, public and private buildings, etc. He respectfully refers to those by whom he has been engaged in this State: New Baptist Church committee, Raleigh, University building committee, Chapel Hill; new Court-house committee, Yanceyville, Caswell county; R. S. Tucker, W. M. Boylan, W. C. Harrison, Raleigh; W. S. Battle, Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe county, and others. All letters on business, addressed box 106, Raleigh, N. C., promptly attended to. tf

WILLIAM C. DONNEL, PHOTOGRAPHIST, Garrett's new building, is taking pictures at fifty cents and upwards. Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please, he makes no charge. 38-1y

J. Z. WADSWORTH, D. P. TURNER, G. S. PALMER.
WADSWORTH, TURNER & CO., No. 18 Fourteenth st., Richmond, Va., wholesale dealers in foreign and domestic Dry Goods, and agents for the N. C. Rock Island Co., offer a very extensive stock of rich Fancy and Staple spring and summer Goods, which they will sell on as favorable terms as they can be purchased in any market in the United States. mr31-6mp

Miscellaneous.

NEW STOCK OF HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, UMBRELLAS, &c.—I desire to invite the attention of country merchants and purchasers generally to my new stock of Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Umbrellas, Canes, &c., which is now very full and complete, comprising a great variety of styles and qualities suited to the spring and summer trade. The stock has been selected with great care from the most approved manufacturers, and is well adapted to the wants of this section of country, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to please. JAMES E. WOLFF,
mrch24-1y No. 17 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

BACON.—5,000 pounds good country cured Bacon, for sale by
jy7-tf DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO.